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. F. Buckley Jr. on
ATTOOS FOR AIDS
—See page 62

NATIONAL REVIEW

The Last Days Of Baby Doc

EXORCISING HAITI

by Selden Rodman

THE
CRASTINATED
FLICT:

Does America Have a Foreign Policy?

by Tom Bethell

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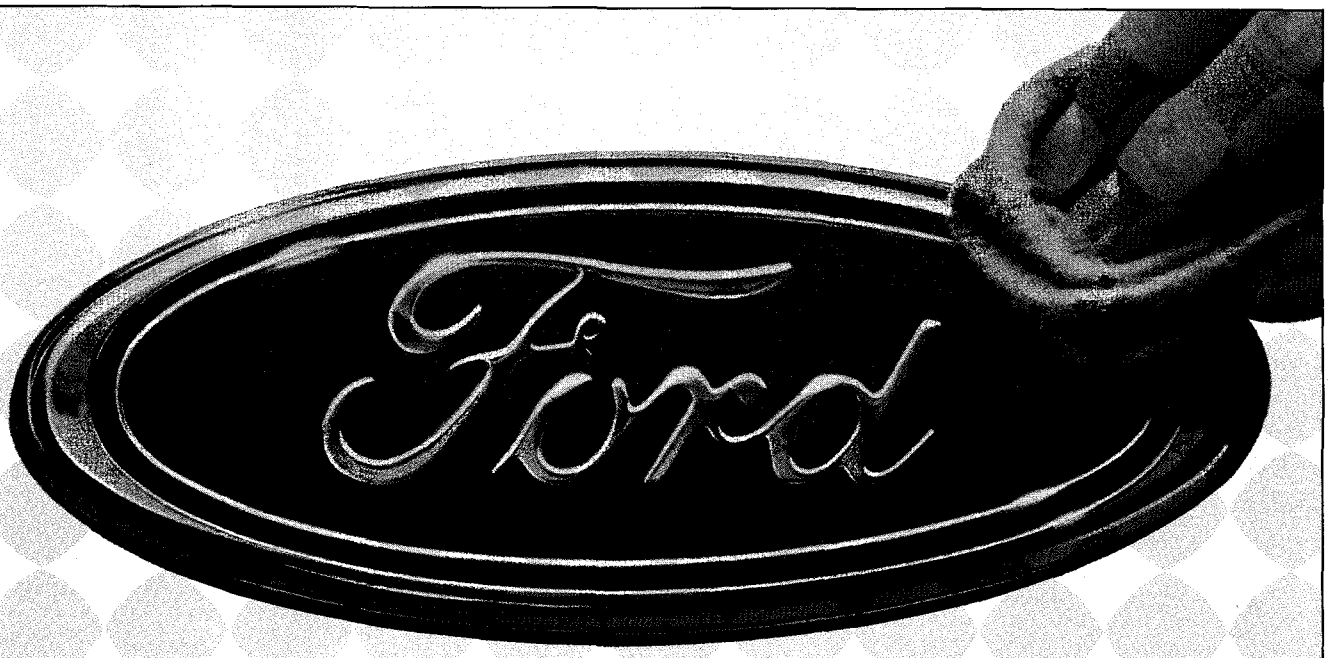

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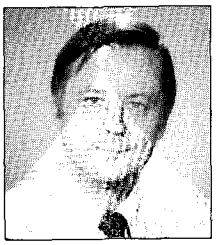
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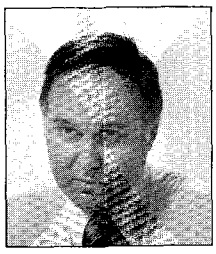
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LETTERS

Joe v. Wade

Joseph Sobran's piece "Un-Packing the Courts" [April 11] shows how our system of checks and balances has had its equilibrium upset by the Supreme Court. An activist Court has run roughshod over the Constitution, eschewing its traditional role of interpreting the law for one of creating law.

Conservative debate on the nature of the Constitution and the Court should not, however, focus merely on original intent. Yes, it is important what the Framers were thinking when they crafted that remarkable document, but more essential than speculating on the intentions of the Framers is looking at the document itself. The Bill of Rights as written would safeguard against the Court's recent encroachments on liberty. Many of the most egregious decisions handed down by the Court can be overturned simply by referring to the text of the Constitution.

Louis Boone
Toledo, Ohio

Bush Man

It is disappointing to find *NR*, of all publications, flitting with the minnows of Washington Establishment journalism, but your March 28 editorial "Can George Do It?" is worthy of the 1986 Reston Trophy for shallow-water commentary.

George Bush, you say, has a problem, to wit: He is being treated with "the contempt reserved for the weak," and even "his defenders, by seeming overprotective, reinforce the impression that he can't defend himself." The proof, as you see it: George Will wrote a nasty column about Bush, which means, one thing leading to another, "The Johnny Carson jokes can't be far off."

First, as to the deadly Will-Carson pincer: If a study of Ronald Reagan's career is any guide, the Vice President is in very good company. George Will's columns about Reagan in the mid-1970s were as contemptuous as those he now writes about Bush; and as for being the butt of Johnny Carson's jokes, whoever wrote your commentary apparently turns in early: Ronald Reagan has been a Carson target since the day he announced for governor of California in 1966, and has somehow managed to survive.

Second, *NR* is troubled because, as of early spring 1986, George Bush doesn't seem to have his own "message." After all, you say, Reagan's "vision of America" would hardly have been compelling "if he had waited until the 1980 primaries to unveil it."

At this point, apologies to Reston. Banalities of that magnitude suggest only Morton Kondracke in full cry. Ronald Reagan, from 1974 to 1981, was a private citizen; not a member of an Administration team. The last thing President Reagan needs—or will get from George Bush—is a Vice President more interested in advancing his own message than that of the President he serves, more than two years before the 1988 election.

Victor Gold
Falls Church, Va.

Lincoln-Douglas Debated

Aram Bakshian Jr., writing in the February 28 NATIONAL REVIEW, affects an altogether meretricious sophistication concerning American history. In reviewing Neil Postman's book *Amusing Ourselves to Death*, he writes: ". . . in his zeal to convict television, he [Postman] sometimes skews the historical evidence, e.g., in arguing that, because they dragged on for hours and went into considerable detail, the Lincoln-Douglas debates proved that the pre-broadcasting, print-oriented American people of 1858 had an attention span superior to the television generation's, and, by inference, a sounder grasp of the real issues.

"Never mind that Lincoln lost the debates . . ."

Who "won" the Lincoln-Douglas debates of 1858 is itself a debatable matter. That Douglas was re-elected to the United States Senate is certainly true. The debates were conducted before the people, but it was state legislatures that elected senators prior to the Seventeenth Amendment. The vote in the joint session of the Illinois legislature was 54 to 46 for Douglas. But there were 13 state senators who were not up for election, eight of whom were Democrats. Douglas's electors received about 47 per cent of the vote, and Lincoln's 50 per cent. In the statewide vote (for state treasurer) Republicans outpolled the Democrats by about four thousand. From that perspective, one could say that, had the election been decided by a statewide popular vote, Lincoln would have won. Two

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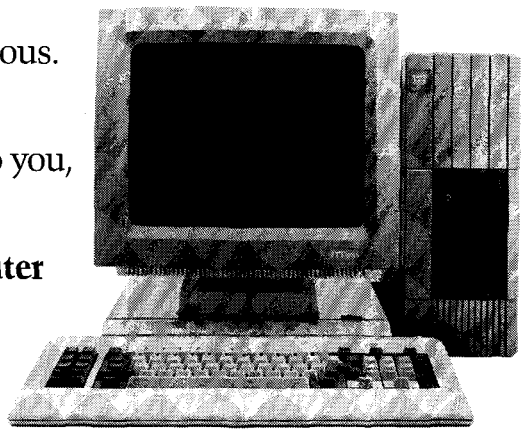

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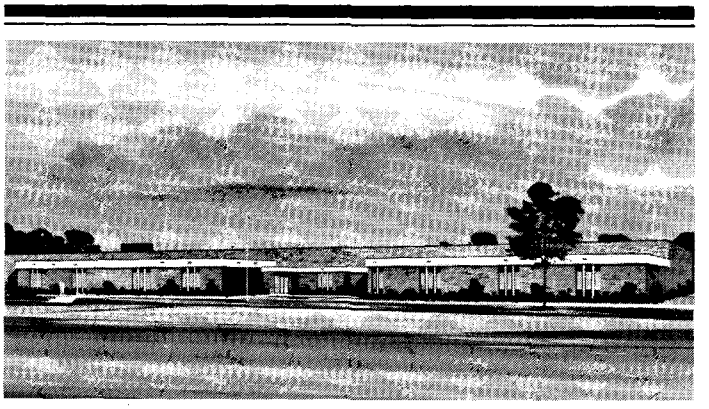

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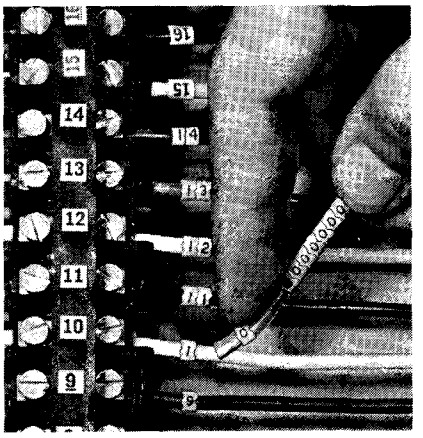

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years later Lincoln had a rematch, and he did carry the state—and the nation as well—against Douglas.

The Lincoln-Douglas debates were printed in book form just before the Republican convention in Chicago, in May of 1860. They certainly contributed to Lincoln's nomination. After the Republican convention, Lincoln made no speeches until he left Springfield for Washington in February 1861. The circulation of his 1858 speeches (supplemented by pamphlet editions of his Cooper Union speech) formed the principal record upon which he was elected to the Presidency. His opinions and positions as expressed in the 1858 debates were cited and quoted endlessly during the campaign and thereafter. Read today for their intrinsic merit, the debates rank high in the world's political literature, as witness to the power of the human spirit in confronting eternal questions of right and wrong. As such, they are also great credit to the simple Illinois farmers who first heard them, and who sometimes traveled hard for days to reach the places where the debates were held, and who listened intently amidst the heat and the dust of a prairie summer for the three hours that each of the debates lasted. Nothing could be more grating, or more false, than Bakshian's disparaging dismissal of this mighty confrontation.

Harry V. Jaffa
Claremont, Calif.

Gold Miners' Slaughter

I wish to reply to the letter ["Gold Diggers," Feb. 28] regarding my monograph, *Russia's Bloody Gold.*

Between 1930 and 1957, the government of nationalist-socialist Russia utilized gold mining in Kolyma, in Arctic northeastern Siberia, to exterminate five to seven million non-Russian captive peoples from Russia's colonies. During that period of time, every year 300,000 to 400,000 "politically undesirable" peasants and workers were taken from these colonies and transported to Kolyma. On the average, each prisoner working for the Russian *Dal'stroi* death-camp organization in Kolyma survived for only one to two years, producing, prior to his death, one and a half to two kilograms of gold for the Soviet treasury.

The native or ethnic Russians found in Kolyma during the *Dal'stroi* period (1930 to 1957) fell into two general categories: 1) The personnel of the *Dal'stroi* death-camp organization, such as the camp administrators, the Red Army, and the NKVD prison guards; also numerous geologists and mining engineers in charge of the prisoners' work at the mines. 2)

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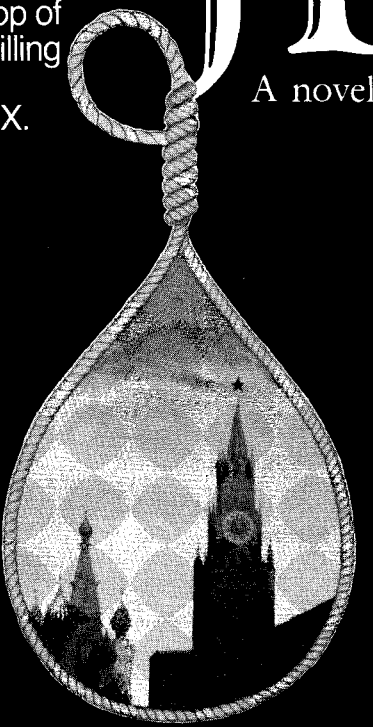

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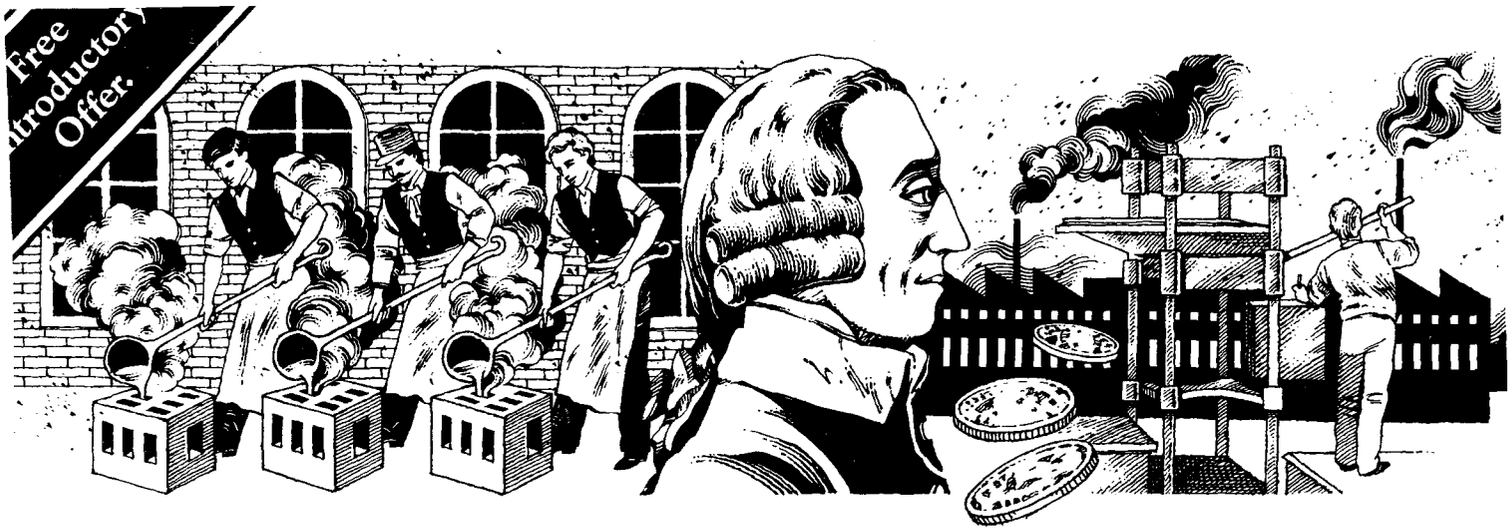

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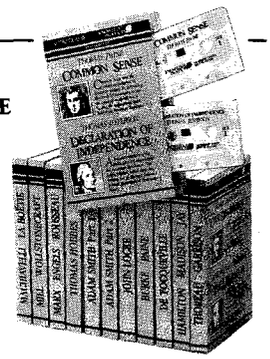

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The so-called *urki*, or common criminals, serving long sentences for murder or habitual crimes. But among the political prisoners only an insignificant number were native, ethnic Russians.

Wladyslaw Jan Cieslewicz
Colorado School of Mines
Golden, Colo.

AIDS: Once Infected . . .

In D. Keith Mano's piece "AIDS Update" [Feb. 24], there appear some material errors.

In commenting on the tests that are now employed to screen donated blood for HTLV III (the AIDS etiologic agent), Mano delivers himself of the reassuring opinion that the nation's blood supply "is clean as the Swiss Civil Code now. Extensive testing has eliminated all suspect pints."

There are many instances of virus-positive individuals who are "seronegative"—that is, who test negative on antibody-assay tests. When such persons donate, their blood whizzes through the system without impediment.

Part of the problem turns on the question of "seroconversion"—that moment when circulating antibodies are present in the blood of an infected individual in sufficient numbers to permit detection. In the interval between infection and seroconversion—a span of up to six months or longer—the antibody tests are "blind." Dose and contagion path enter into the equation as well.

Although the tests do not unfailingly identify virus-positive samples, the samples that *are* tagged as "positive" are almost always correctly so identified. That is because back-up tests allow for confirmatory screenings that throw out so-called "false positives," leaving only "true positives."

The bottom line on testing is this: The tests now in use don't catch all contaminated blood, but the specimens they *do* catch really *are* contaminated.

Mr. Mano also suggests that the human immune system is capable of clearing HTLV III infection. The weight of evidence so far suggests the opposite: Once infected, always infected.

Kenneth M. Steele, CLU
President, Atlantic Underwriters
Trevose, Pa.

Ivy Tower

Your editorial "Counter-Revolution at Dartmouth, Continued" [March 14], says, "Dartmouth is the only major college in the nation that possesses an organized body of student conservatives . . ." This is false. Today there are tens of thousands of conservative student activists, of whom thousands have conducted successful activities so complex the activists are now qualified to run a small business. There is life outside the Ivy League.

Amy Moritz
Executive Director
The National Center
for Public Policy Research
Washington, D.C.

Tanks a Lot

The note from Algiers in the "Abroad" column [Feb. 28] referred to "Soviet-made T-54 [and] T-72 armored cars." The T-54 is a tracked combat vehicle that weighs about 36 tons and mounts a 100-mm. cannon. The more recent T-72 weighs about forty tons and mounts a 125-mm. cannon. These vehicles are tanks, not armored cars. The difference is significant in terms of military capability and required logistical support.

F. Weber
Monterey, Calif.

The Modernist Itch

I was taken aback by Hilton Kramer's observation—quoted by Terry Teachout in his review of *The Revenge of the Philistines* [March 28]—that "In our museums everything from Salon painting to the inanities of kitsch has been dusted off, freshly labeled, and solemnly placed on exhibition, *almost as if the modern movement had never altered our view of them.*" (Emphasis added.) What chronological snobbery! For all I know, the works Mr. Kramer is disparaging may be lousy; but surely one period shouldn't be granted the authority to throw all competing aesthetics into the trash can.

Now, Mr. Teachout doesn't buy the Kramer thesis entirely, but I think he misdiagnoses the problem. He says: "The striking thing here is the confidence with which Mr. Kramer asserts the superiority of modernism not merely in the visual arts but by clear implication in all other branches of art and culture. This confidence is a distinctively neoconservative phenomenon, one which conservatives as a group do not share." I would have said, "This confidence is a characteristically academic phenomenon." Recalling those of my literature professors who held this view (some of them very convincingly), I would say that modernism seems designed to be talked about—designed to need explicating—and hence appeals strongly to those whose job it is to explicate.

Laura di Stefano
Baltimore, Md.

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FOR THE RECORD

Washington Post in-depth rundown of senatorial situation finds prospects not too bad for GOP: Of 18 Senate seats Republicans are defending, seven are listed as "safe," eight as "leaning Republican," two (**James Abdnor**, S.D., and **Steve Symms**, Idaho) as "toss-ups," and one (**Paula Hawkins**, Fla.) as "leaning Democratic"—which is a lot better than it looked six months back, because of economic upturn, falling interest rates, falling oil prices. The *Post* points out that 11 million jobs have been created in the five Reagan years; **Dun & Bradstreet** projects three million new jobs in 1986, two million of them in small companies (payrolls of a hundred or less). . . . Sen. **John Heinz** (R., Pa.), chairman of National Republican Senatorial Committee, is gleefully producing a list of 22 prominent Democrats—the Democratic A-Team, he calls it—all of whom are declining to take on Republican incumbents in the Senate. . . . Case in point: Democrats are writing off chances of upsetting Sen. **Bob Kasten** (Wis.) now that their best potential candidate, **Herbert Kohl**, has withdrawn from race. Kohl had planned to put $3.5 million of his own money into the contest. . . . In Alabama, **Jeremiah Denton** looking stronger than he was some weeks back even though **Jim Allen Jr.**, son of the popular late Sen. **James Allen**, has entered primary, taking on Rep. **Richard Shelby**. . . . In that confusing California race to retire **Alan Cranston**, last poll (**Teichner** Associates) puts conservative TV commentator **Bruce Herschensohn** ahead with 21 per cent, and Rep. **Bobbi Fiedler** next with 15 per cent. (Primary is June 3.) . . . Cranston, by the way, was one of five Democratic senators to score perfect 100 on ADA voting list. Others: **Gary Hart** (Colo.), **Howard Metzenbaum** (Ohio), **Tom Harkin** (Iowa), **Paul Sarbanes** (Md.). . . . In Illinois, Gov. **Jim Thompson** says he will veto any bill the state legislature passes that would enable his opponent, **Adlai Stevenson III**, to make an independent gubernatorial bid. Thompson moved ahead of Stevenson in polls when two **Lyndon LaRouche** candidates won places on Democratic ticket.

Shailo, *London Daily Telegraph* / Rotheo

"Strictly between the four of us . . ."

When you brush the rhetoric aside, say **Evans & Novak**, commenting on Senate *Contra*-aid vote, what the Democrats would like to settle for in Nicaragua is a Communist regime that pledges to stay within its own borders, which is historically unrealistic. . . . Of the 11 Democratic senators who voted for aid, only two were non-Southerners: **Alan Dixon** of Illinois and **Bill Bradley** of New Jersey (the only New Jersey legislator, incidentally, to vote with the President in either House). Bradley put it simply, to the point. The people of Nicaragua, he says, "deserve a chance at democracy." Of the 11 Republicans who voted against Reagan, four are up for re-election in November: **Andrews** (N.D.), **Gorton** (Wash.), **Packwood** (Ore.), **Specter** (Pa.). . . . Friends like these, one can do without. In Ottawa, External Affairs Minister **Joe Clark** told Parliament it was the opinion of Canadian government that force would settle nothing in Nicaragua. In Canberra, the government of Prime Minister **Robert Lee Hawke** formally protested to the U.S. Embassy Reagan's efforts to send $100 million in aid to *Contras*. (It was time, they said, for the U.S. to begin to honor the principle of non-intervention.) . . . In the Gulf of Sidra affair, only **Shimon Peres** of Israel has gone all out in support of U.S. policy. "A great move," he called it, and added that he was "sure that before they made their anti-American speeches [other world leaders] went to the churches and the mosques to thank heaven that the United States did something that they have needed—though they don't admit they need it." . . . **George F. Will**, commenting on Rep. **Michael Barnes**'s (D., Md.) hand-wringing over the Gulf of Sidra action, concludes that Barnes is "a conscientious communicant in the Church of Negotiations," to which those Americans who have "limitless faith in the power of talk to tame aggressors" belong.

On the Right: **Kyle McCreary**, chairman of the Young Conservative Alliance, announces a membership drive to beef up its presence on college campuses. YCA was very active in effort to keep the Soviet freighter that carried would-be-defector **Miroslav Medvid** back to Soviet Union from leaving U.S. waters. (For info: 1326 G St., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003. Tel.: 202-547-2414; 800-424-9700.) . . . The Young America's Foundation will hold conservative orientation seminars for college and high-school students Aug. 12–20 at National 4-H Center in Washington: talks on foreign policy, free-market economics, American history; briefings on starting up campus newspapers, organizing lecture programs, etc. Contact **James B. Taylor**, Executive Director, Young America's Foundation, 11800 Sunrise Valley Drive, Suite 812, Reston, Va. 22091.

Sen. **Orrin Hatch** (R., Utah) on failure of balanced-budget amendment to pass U.S. Senate: "Congress spends like **Imelda Marcos** at a red-dot sale at Shoe Town. We have been spending this country blind for most of the last fifty years."

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anything but teasing, and those just right to go petting with only to escape when dress straps are tugged at—are well enough conveyed. Things go less well in the home scenes, where the mother-daughter bickering and sibling rivalry are much too perfunctory. This is not to be blamed on Miss Oates, but on the script by Tom Cole (who once wrote an honest, uncompromising play, *Medal of Honor Rag*), and on Miss Chopra's rote direction.

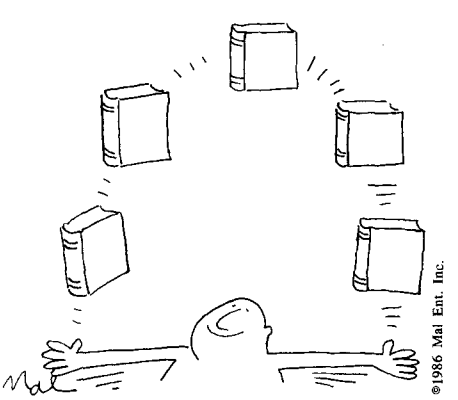
Less good yet are the hamburger-joint scenes, inept imitations of *American Graffiti*, where youthful couples, self-consciously posed, flirt in unison. Here Connie attracts the attention of Arnold Friend, a man over thirty, who apparently haunts these juvenile fleshpots in search of game. Miss Oates tells that she derived this character from the Pied Piper of Tucson, who, in the Arizona of the early Sixties, seduced and sometimes killed teenage

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

IN ONE OF the loveliest passages in the New Testament (Matthew 16: 25), Christ tells His disciples: "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it." Sacrifice (*responsible* sacrifice) is thus at the heart of Christianity; yet it always appears, in the Bible, as the sacrifice of one's own self, not that of other people: a restrictiveness so little in favor in an age characterized not at all by self-sacrificial tendencies but, rather, by an aggressive acquiescence in the mass sacrifice of involuntary millions that it is now almost entirely disregarded by the left-wing vanguards of the Christian churches themselves, whose ideas regarding the subject are closer to those of Stalin, Hitler, Ho Chi Minh, Fidel Castro, and Daniel Ortega than to those of Jesus. According to Lloyd Billingsley, the author of *The Generation That Knew Not Josef: A Critique of Marxism and the Religious Left* (Multnomah Press, 10209 S.E. Division, Portland, Ore. 97266; $11.95), "Behind the phenomenon of leftist Christians stand not nefarious plots and cabals, but two things: the tyranny of the General Idea (in this case, the socialism = Christianity equation) and a death wish."

This "General Idea" (the phrase is Hippolyte Taine's) is a retro virus that has been detected in the bloodstream of radical Christians—whose moral immunity system it attacks with the lethal virulence of AIDS—for decades, in the course of which its victims compiled a record as long as the Colossus of Rhodes's arm. It is this record that Billingsley, in the first half of his book, proceeds to dust off. "Communism has recovered the essential form of a real belief in God which organized Christianity has now largely lost," wrote the Very Reverend Hewlett Johnson, appointed Dean of Canterbury by His Majesty King George V in 1931. "I would like to thank my parents" (her father was a Congregationalist minister in Nebraska), Anna Louise Strong stated upon being made an Honorary Red Guard by Chairman Mao, "who taught me to ignore evil." In view of all this, Billingsley muses, you might think it would take "a special kind of person to duplicate the earlier record of servile apology toward Marxist dictatorships, coupled with an antagonism toward the West. . . . Sadly, this is not the case. . . . One might say generally that the religious Left, including the radical revivalists, liberal Protestants, the World Council of Churches, the Catholic activists, and groups within the Anabaptist churches, are doing a good job of [it]. It is a weakness to which, for some reason, the religious mind is prone."

There is an entire book (nay, an entire library) to be written out of that phrase "for some reason," and I can't say I blame Lloyd Billingsley very much for not trying to write it. For the most part, he concentrates his attention upon two particularly obnoxious journalistic organs of what he calls "The First Church of Jesus Christ Socialist": *Sojourners* and *The Other Side*. For them, the United States is the Great Satan; life in the USSR (or Yugoslavia, or Cambodia, or Cuba) a succession of privations to be endured with Christian hope and fortitude on such days as, having got up on the wrong side of bed, one does not feel like dancing in the streets ("In this way, the Christian religion does truly become the opiate of the people"); pacifism the refusal to participate in wars between nations and an incitement to bloodshed between classes; compassion, never having to say you're sorry (when the Hanoi Politburo turns out to behave more "harshly" than the twelve Apostles might have been expected to do under similar circumstances); and progress, the replacement of "arrogant landowners" by "arrogant bureaucrats." "One searches radical Christian writing in vain," Billingsley notes, "for a passionate defense of freedom"—despite the fact that Christianity offers to all men the greatest freedom, the freedom of "the kingdom of God within you."



"At this very point in history," Billingsley writes (in a reference to Orwell's *Animal Farm*), "when the pigs [e.g., Arbatov, Gorbachev] walk and talk like humans, along comes a bunch of Christians walking on hands and knees. One would think that, in a reversal of the Gadarene swine story . . . , the spirits of the pigs had been cast out and entered into men and women." As Malcolm Muggeridge has said, "The churches feel bound to proclaim a better world, thereby promoting their own extinction." For these Christians, the Apocalypse is the triumph of the World over the Church, rather than that of Heaven over Earth. Certainly that hope, for a Christian, is death wish enough, and yet one suspects that, ultimately, this breed isn't all that committed to the future of the World, either, on which it glares with misanthropic abhorrence. Strait is the gate, they are telling us, of the Kingdom of Heaven (which is rather more like a prison camp with all the basic comforts than you *petits-bourgeois* might choose to believe). □

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and Len Garment appear as often as Sid Bauman and Schmooey Lipsher. The result is, *all* names end up sounding bogus. (President Richard *Milhous* Nixon, who'd swallow that one?) With this humbug will come an inclination to offhandedness—that unearned familiarity of name-droppers. "The contract with Coppola, for example. I'm supposed to be going over that with a team from legal." Both "Coppola" and "team from legal" are over-breezy, flip. Moreover, Stein must create high-concept blockbusters for Susan-Marie. (Heck, if he could do that regularly, he'd be living on Mulholland Drive with a Louis Vuitton SL 450 in his garage. He wouldn't write fiction.) So Stein has Susan-Marie reinvent *Star Wars* and *Animal House* (*Laser Tracks* and *Alpha Chi*) to lend verisimilitude. Which will make even the genuine item seem implausible. This is one hazard of bastardizing real and fictional material. As you attempt to suck credibility from known experience, you make known experience seem like a fake handkerchief tip on cardboard.

Besides, I'm insulted by this preoccupation with wealth and power and fame: *Dallas*, *Dynasty*, whatever. They presume, those high-concept media men, that sinfulness is related to the progressive income tax. That normal folk haven't imagination or resource enough for interesting evil. This is, of course, a spinoff from liberal anti-capitalist rhetoric. With some elitism added. There could be as many sordid passions on my middle-class block as there are on Sunset Boulevard. And we don't just cope with style here. The underlying argument is predictable: poor people shouldn't be blamed for their wrongdoing, because they've known deprivation. The prosperous alone can afford culpability. Good rich man is an oxymoron, since accumulation of wealth must entail foul maneuvering. Even harmless popular genres reinforce liberal sensibility.

Still, I don't mean to use a cruise missile when roach powder will suffice. There have been more offensive, worse written California novels, I'm sure. This book, though, is lacking a sense of the bizarre, of playful wildness. Almost as if Stein knew so much about his subject, was so concerned with authenticity, that he couldn't write fiction. Even so, you might nominate *Her Only Sin* for the Pulitzer Prize. The Roxanne Pulitzer Prize. □

FILM

LOWERING THE BROW

John Simon

As if the imbecile high-school movies that inundate our screens weren't enough, we now must cope with the stupidity and dishonesty of a supposedly serious film about teenagers, Joyce Chopra's *Smooth Talk*. Worse yet, Vincent Canby of the *New York Times* and other reviewers have hailed this as a remarkable movie. And worst of all, Joyce Carol Oates, on whose story "Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been?" the film is based, has published in the *Times* an apology for this travesty of her story, offering only the mildest, most wistful strictures concerning the disgraceful ending that turns allegory, Gothic horror, and tragedy into soap opera, and particularly mendacious and immoral soap opera at that.

The film, like the story, deals with 15-year-old Connie Wyatt during a school vacation. Her amiably superficial father is too happy to own the dilapidated Marin County farmhouse where the family now lives to worry about his daughters: June, 24, a dutiful drudge still living at home; and Connie, whose well-developed body is well ahead of her mind, and whose only interests are blasting the air with rock music and haunting beaches, movies, shopping malls, and hamburger joints with a couple of school chums in search of boys to neck with but not go all the way. Katherine, her mother, fitfully tries to paint the house, grouses at Connie for not helping in the least, and has one good line for her not-all-the-wayward daughter: "I look into your eyes, and all I see is trashy dreams."

The moment Connie, Laura, and Jill hit the shopping mall, Connie transforms herself: She sophisticates her hair, bedecks herself with lipstick and baubles, lowers her neckline to just this side of tartiness, and emerges as a precocious siren. The girls' dalliances at the mall with a variety of boys—those old and mean enough to be fled from on sight, those too young for

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Buddhists better than I do [Catholics] and the Zens understand me better." Already in 1959 he had said: "If I could not breathe Zen I would probably die of spiritual asphyxiation." It was undoubtedly sentiments like these that caused Merton's abbot in 1964 to accuse him of manifesting a "dual personality."

At the same time, he accurately predicted to a nun in 1965 that "we will absolutely not see any real peace and perfection in religious life in the next ten or 15 years." In the early Sixties, he still had an excellent sense of good ecumenical dialogue; he was also an early proponent of the seamless-garment approach to the issues of abortion, contraception, and nuclear war. In 1967 he wisely observed that Roman Catholics "are getting themselves into the same sort of confusion as the Protestants, with anyone and everyone rushing about in all directions." Ironically, he could not see that often his superiors were trying to keep him from falling into the very same trap. As the years went by, Merton's traditional devotion to the Eucharist and the Blessed Virgin gradually faded; they were no longer mentioned, positively or negatively, except that in 1968 he wanted to reserve the Blessed Sacrament in his hermitage. Again, the recurring spiritual schizophrenia.

At a personal level, Merton emerges as a man of great restlessness, always wanting to be where he could not go and generally dissatisfied once there. Not surprising, then, that he should write to Daniel Berrigan in 1964 that he was a "burnt-out case," and in 1968 that he had a "churned-up gut."

The reader of *The Seven-Storey Mountain* may find it hard to recognize that Merton in these letters. However, it might be well to consider a few points. First, his books and articles underwent extensive revision by the Order's censors, a process he increasingly and bitterly resented. Second, in many ways Merton may have been the textbook case of the American religious who thought rebellion in the Fifties but waited until the Sixties to embark upon a program of action. After all, some time before Vatican II Merton told a Jewish woman, "You must understand by now that I do not entertain formally conventional notions of the Church."

Shannon opens this well-ordered volume of letters, with its helpful comments and notes, by quoting Vulliamy: "Of all documents, [letters] are the most essentially human." And the most revealing. □

FICTION

INFANT FORMULA

D. Keith Mano

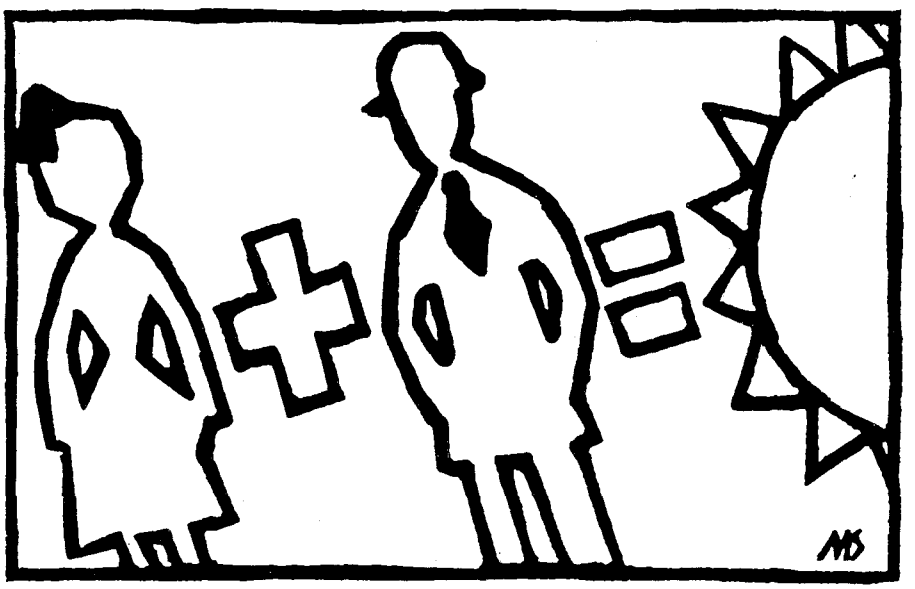
Her Only Sin, by Benjamin Stein (St. Martin's, 360 pp., $16.95)

ACCORDING TO his jacket blurb, Benjamin Stein "Knows Hollywood as well as anyone else alive." If so, the place must be an urban blind trust. Yes, Stein can tell you what to wear (Louis Vuitton, of course, and Hermès scarves) and drive (a 280 or 450 SL), and some technical film language—but his people are less substantial than *cuisine minceur*. Good prop table, not much on stage. They "play dirty in Stein's Hollywood but the place is real and the passions enthralling." Then again a Pritikin cracker might enthrall you more. For all the hype, I marveled at how unengrossing *Her Only Sin* was.

Stein has written a formula book: infant formula, pretty much. Here are some mother-familiar plot elements. a) Meteoric Rise from Humble Origin. Susan-Marie, after a promising career as full-time neurasthenic, becomes film maveness. b) Dark Secret. Stepfather made X-rated passes at her. c) Special Talent. American heroes ascend because of smartness and grit (which are democratic), not physical strength and glamor (which are unequal and fascist). Susan-Marie can multiply in her head. And *dream*. Whereas the rest of Hollywood gets just overexposed footage up top. d) Kindly, Wise, Supportive Power Figure Who Will Die. e) Worshipped Idol Who Will Have Feet of Solid Stucco. f) True Old Friend That She Will Come to Love. (Benjy, "who just might be the author himself." Stein just might be egotistical enough.) g) Disillusionment with Success. In America we don't live happily ever after. If we did, who could make a sequel?

The characters have each been homogenized. At best, like a pre-set radio crystal, they can sustain one emotional or moral frequency. Deirdre is mean and half-insane. Benjy, true. Sid, judicious and kind. As for Susan-Marie, she seems so perfect, so human, so real that artificial respiration wouldn't work on her. Never a mistake in marketing or employee management. What, then, is *her only sin*? Got me: either the ability to *dream* in that wonderful projection booth of a head. Or her unfortunate love for bad, weak Paul. (Early on she does pick up strange men in the local Goodbar. But Stein will drop that theme. Probably because the author's surrogate, Ben, might catch some disease.) Once a character is climate-controlled, no unharmonious attribute will develop. People in this L.A. novel don't even snort cocaine. A value-subtracted tax should apply to Stein.

On the subject of naming. Realistic fiction about Hollywood and Washington (Susan-Marie worked for a while at the White House) must use some authentic names. Here Sly Stallone



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famous convert to Catholicism Thomas Merton, known in the Trappist Order as Father Louis. The archives of the Merton Center house more than 3,500 letters from Merton to more than a thousand people: No wonder that a year before his strange death in 1968, he could declare that he found himself "under an avalanche of mail."

The present volume contains letters on matters of religious experience and social concerns. The list of correspondents is impressive, including popes and cardinals, government officials and theologians, psychologists and political activists. At times the roll call sounds like an assembly of the Radical Chic of the Sixties: Ernesto Cardenal, Corita Kent, William DuBay, Rosemary Ruether, Joan Baez, Malcolm Boyd, Bernard Haring, Ivan Illich, Gordon Zahn, Daniel Berrigan, Lewis Mumford; it is interesting to note that most of these who then claimed Catholicism as their faith have since apostatized, while those in the priesthood and religious life have generally returned to the lay state. From the correspondence, one gets little indication that Merton did anything to forestall such defections; in point of fact, it seems that Dorothy Day had her work cut out for her, trying to make Merton himself less negative toward the Church.

The letters reveal a brilliant man with wide-ranging interests and abilities: war and peace; ecumenical dialogue with individuals and groups as diverse as the Shakers, Buddhists, and Moslems; psychology; the Chinese language. One also meets a man given to overstatement and hasty conclusions, rather judgmental and uncharitable at times, holding seemingly contradictory opinions of persons and events. Thus out of left field comes the pronouncement that "Stokely Carmichael is the incarnation of Satan," similar to his feelings toward Lyndon Johnson. As early as 1958, Merton needed barbiturates to get to sleep and, by his own admission, caused scandal on occasion by his attachment to champagne and gin, which he apparently could not handle, even prescinding from his monastic vocation, which would seem to call for moderation if not abstention. Although wittingly or unwittingly a prime mover in efforts to secularize the Trappists, he frequently expressed concern about the galloping secularization of the United States and frowned on post-Conciliar liberal Catholics who were so taken up with their agenda that they reserved no place for monasticism in their revised ecclesiology.

Merton's style could tend to the vulgar at times and is characterized by a bizarre and almost obsessive apocalypticism. While castigating notables in private conversations with friends, his letters to dignitaries show him gushing and groveling when dealing with them directly. He was more than a little manipulative in getting Roman friends to try and exert pressure from above to bring local superiors to do his bidding (usually without success). In addition to the thousands of letters, the reader receives the distinct impression that Merton was besieged (quite willingly) by a constant flow of visitors, not exactly in keeping with a life given over to contemplation.

Nevertheless, Shannon says these letters "tell the story of the maturing of a contemplative." I must sadly dissent from such an evaluation, at least from a Catholic perspective.

The letters are arranged in chronological order, according to recipient. In this way the reader can trace the growth of Merton's relationship with an individual, as well as the development of his thought. This is not as simple as might appear at first glance, however, because Merton is not at all consistent in what he says to one correspondent and another. Extreme vacillation is evident in the later years, as well as a strongly anti-institutional attitude toward both church and state. Let a few examples suffice.

In 1941 Merton wrote to Catherine de Hueck Doherty that the Vatican is the "only free and just state in the world," and further that "when you live under the same roof as the Blessed Sacrament there is no need to go outside looking for anything." By 1958, he had begun to speak of a desire for a "new kind" of monastery in which contemplation would be but one of many activities, among which would be the conducting of seminars of an ecumenical nature and leading programs of political protest or social activism. During Vatican II, he condemned monasticism for its "rigid and legalistic set of rules." In 1966 he declared: "I no longer profit much by [the Order's] teachings and its programs." A year later, to Rosemary Ruether, he admitted to thoughts of "abandoning the Church" because "I understand Zen

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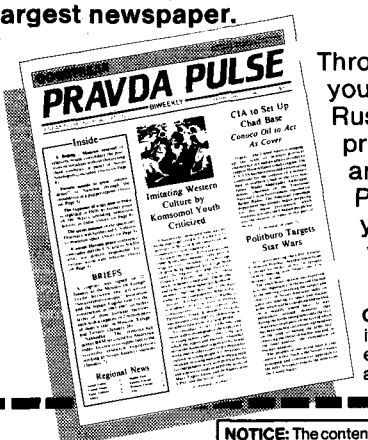

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ LAST MARCH TITLES: *The Liberation of One* (Harcourt Brace, $24.95), by Romuald Spasowski, is a fascinating autobiographical account—by the Polish ambassador to Washington who defected to the U.S. in 1981—of one man's disillusionment with Marx, Warsaw, and the Soviet Union.

The Young Hemingway (Basil Blackwell, $19.95), by Michael Reynolds, considers the familial, cultural, and literary influences that, during the years 1919 to 1921, molded the burgeoning novelist and story-writer as a literary artist.

In *Blessings in Disguise* (Knopf, $17.95), Sir Alec Guinness recalls aspects of his life and many of his acquaintances in an interesting and rather charming book that nevertheless falls far short of autobiography (whether or not that was the author's intention).

Louis Sullivan: His Life and Work (Viking, $29.95), by Robert Twombly, is an interesting biography of the inventor of the skyscraper, a poor boy who saw himself as the architect of the people, famous at thirty, yet who died in poverty after passing on his theories of organic architecture to his pupil Frank Lloyd Wright. . . . In *The Great Dan: A Biography of Daniel O'Connell* (Jonathan Cape, $18.95), Charles Chenevix provides a lively and convincing portrait of the Liberator of Ireland, who, as a radical member of the British Parliament, fought for Catholic emancipation and the acquisition, by peaceful means, of civil rights for his constituency.

☐ DUE OUT IN APRIL: *The Cult of Information: The Folklore of Computers and the True Art of Thinking* (Pantheon, $17.95), by Theodore Roszak, is a humanistic counterattack on the computer culture.

☐ COMING IN JUNE: *The Andropov Deception* (Beaufort, $15.95), by Brian Crozier, is an East-West thriller concerning the plans of a NATO agency to kill a Soviet stooge in the West German Bundestag before the KGB can get its hands on the agency's chief. —CW

with the usual penumbra of instinct and emotion. However, only one fully possesses the power of speech; the others apparently think in images. Thus each of us is really a committee, with members struggling to get the chairman's ear, while the latter (the speech module) tries to cobble together resolutions that cover up the disagreements. The once so startling distinction between right- and left-brain personality seems now, to Dr. Gazzaniga, just a uniquely accessible instance of a differentiation that must also exist between the major modules even in the same half-brain.

How new is this picture? (Even Peirce wrote that the soul "may contain several personalities and . . . the faculties are as real as the convolutions of the cortex.") Juggle the definition of consciousness, and you can turn Gazzaniga into a disguised retelling of Freud: But what of it? Add enough epicycles and you can turn Copernicus into Ptolemy. Gazzaniga insists that some of his experimental results are simply more accurately described in terms of co- or multiple consciousness than by invoking the Unconscious; and in any case the real impact of his picture surely comes from the indications that at last we are talking about the hardware rather than the software of the brain.

In the world of the arts, where the kaleidoscopic powers of the brain are most fully extended, it seems to me that in time the impact of Dr. Gazzaniga's ideas will be particularly strongly felt: They sit so well with what many analyses of major literary works, for instance, seem to show. Any new conception of the mind enforces new techniques in the arts: Indeed, artists sometimes seem to glimpse the new idea before it crystalizes, as Freud thought his own insights at times anticipated in nineteenth-century novels.

This is no less true of criticism. It is no accident that I. A. Richards, the father of the standard New Critical approach to literature still daily taught in thousands of classrooms, with its stress on the unified "organic" complexity of true art, was deeply influenced by the psychology of his own day. Yet the very techniques of literary analysis the Richards/New Critical tradition inculcate tend themselves to produce results more consistent with Gazzaniga's "committee" model of the brain than with that tradition's own view. That this has been felt but not articulated explains the waves of fads and gurus that have swept through the university English departments for the past twenty years, each promising intellectual salvation until overtaken by the next. Structuralism, Post-Structuralism, Deconstruction, Lévi-Strauss, Lacan, Derrida—always the basic appeal is in subdividing, multiplying, countereddying that single, coherently complex stream of meaning that for orthodox critics makes up a successful literary work. Clearly, there's an intuition in the air that our minds aren't really like critical orthodoxy's picture of them.

Now Dr. Gazzaniga has rooted that intuition in fact, sharply updating our conceptions of "the networks of the mind." No doubt, as with Freud, only a fellow specialist could handle his ideas entirely correctly; but he has still equipped us with new tools of thought, and they shift the boundaries of the possible: It is remarkable what can become obvious, once you cease to be blinded by "just knowing" that an artist's mind "simply couldn't have worked like that." From now on the Anglo-American empirical tradition can move forward again, and totalizing Continental European theorists—as suffocatingly authoritarian in aesthetics as in politics—shrink to their true dimensions. Thank you, Columbus: I think India's over there, actually; but meanwhile on this continent the arts are going to change. ☐

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A BURNT-OUT CASE

Peter Stravinskas

The Hidden Ground of Love: The Letters of Thomas Merton, edited by William Shannon (Farrar, 669 pp., $27.95)

HERE IS the first of a projected four volumes that will share with us the inner thoughts of the befuddling, and at times somewhat befuddled, great American Catholic thinker of the twentieth century. William Shannon has done an outstanding job of selecting and editing the correspondence of the

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ty for the enlisted men, the other quiet and thoughtful for the officers."

One relishes Patton's good sense. He distrusted the Russians, calling them "simply savages," and declaring that at the conclusion of the war the Allies should drive them back to the Volga. "The whole damned world is going Communist," he wrote once, in exasperation. He was no friend of labor unions, and called the liberal Democrat "the lowest type of politician."

He was a splendid anachronism, and knew that at the end there was nothing for him to do but, as he put it, "wait for the undertaker and posthumous immortality." As Blumenson notes, "He died at just the right time, while his triumphs in the war remained fresh," and before he could self-destruct over de-Nazification. The greatest tributes to him were paid by his old friend and commander, Dwight Eisenhower, who in the early days of the war called Patton "*indispensable* to the war effort—one of the guarantors of our victory," and later by German Field Marshal Gerd von Rundstedt, who said, "Patton was your best."

A note on the pictures: There are two of Patton wearing genuine smiles, one when he is dancing with one of his daughters as father of the bride, and another with Eisenhower. Best of all, though, is the one of Patton modeling the tank corpsman's uniform he designed, of dark green gabardine with a row of white buttons along the side, all topped by what is apparently a gold football helmet. By heaven, it was beautiful. □

THE MIND AS COMMITTEE

Keith Brown

The Social Brain: Discovering the Networks of the Mind, by Michael S. Gazzaniga (Basic, 219 pp., $17.95)

COLUMBUS SPOKE of India, bumped into America, and thought he'd reached Japan; yet his brilliant seamanship still changed history. Michael Gazzaniga's book is rather like that.

Dr. Gazzaniga is the leading authority on split-brain research: Thanks to him and his associates, most people vaguely know by now of the significant differences between the human brain's right and left hemispheres. In relaxed conversational style, *The Social Brain* first takes us through the unfolding history of these researches, as gripping a detective story as *Oedipus Rex*, and as rich in wonder, pity, irony—and fear. Severing of links between the right and left brain is last-resort treatment in some cases of epilepsy; it apparently works well, but its hidden effects are odd. The elegant series of psychological experiments that Gazzaniga describes uncovered those oddities, and in doing so taught us an immense amount about the normal human brain as well.

Recounting this takes half the book. The aim is to equip the reader to grasp Dr. Gazzaniga's new thesis as to the essentially "social" or "modular" nature of the brain. If *that* is understood, the author feels, then our attitude to many of the world's problems changes: the phenomenon of religious or quasi-religious belief, in particular, being thoroughly demystified. And if neighbors realize how the same inescapable mental processes manufacture all their very different beliefs, then mutual tolerance must increase, and world peace come one step closer . . .

In short, here is a book in the honorable, century-old American intellectual tradition of Charles Sanders Peirce: a distinguished laboratory-trained scientist pushed into a concern with philosophy, tempered by a certain preoccupation with religion. Dr. Gazzaniga's "modular" model of the mind/brain (of which more below) is clearly important, even if on religion he is perhaps disappointing. Yes, his account of the mind's primary belief-generating mechanisms might well deflate many literal-minded church/mosque/temple/synagogue-goers—if they had the mental sophistication to grasp it. But, if they had *that*, then their religion would be of a different kind anyway: He doesn't seem fully to allow for the metaphorical dimension to all language, or the way genuinely religious people often use their faith not literally but, so to speak, in quotation marks.

For Gazzaniga, psychology has in a sense become a department of sociology. He argues for the brain as an assemblage of independently co-conscious modules, each with a specific location (i.e., they're not just software). Each module is a virtual person, capable of initiating action and

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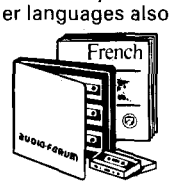

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America is "a nation with the soul of a church" to another writer, and he misspells the names of Irving Kristol and Midge Decter. These are small faults. It's more irritating that he so often quotes things that have been quoted too often already: Keynes's dictum that "in the long run, we are all dead," for instance. As Yogi Berra has put it, it's *déjà vu* all over again.

Reichley is generally right, as far as he goes; I only wish he were a little more adventurous. He is too ready to accept the standard judgments on many subjects (Joseph McCarthy, for instance), which is also pardonable. But whether one agrees or disagrees, one longs for an occasional intellectual fillip, some fresh touch of insight. His general thesis is bold enough, but the details tend to be stale in their formulation.

Maybe I'm complaining too much. For all I know, this book may make liberals livid. I myself prefer William Miller's book, *The First Liberty: Religion and the American Republic*, which I reviewed here a few weeks ago, but that's a more idiosyncratic book. Reichley may have written the textbook our children will read in college. If so, my objections fade into insignificance. □

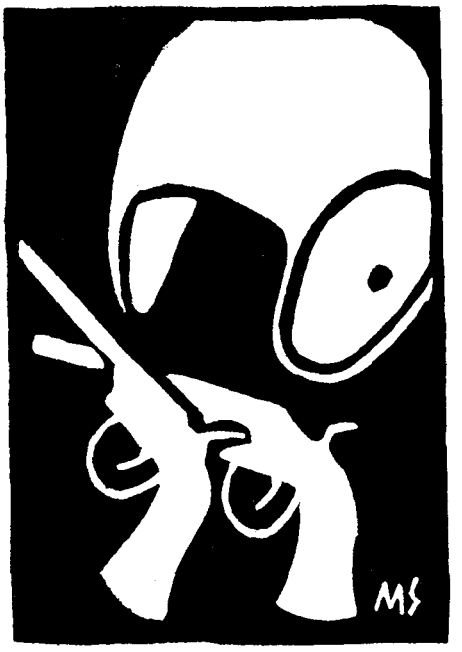
SPLENDID ANACHRONISM

Joe Mysak

Patton: The Man behind the Legend 1885-1945, by Martin Blumenson (Morrow, 320 pp., $17.95)

NO GENERAL lives with us more today than George S. Patton Jr.—perhaps in part because of what the author of this book calls George C. Scott's "remarkably accurate portrayal of the public figure" in the 1970 film. In the present work, Martin Blumenson attempts a portrait of the private figure—no easy task, because Patton so thoroughly honed his image. But Mr. Blumenson is eminently suited for the job, having been a staff historian for Patton's Third Army—although he never met the general—and having edited two volumes of Patton's own papers.

"A man of diffident manner will never inspire confidence," Patton once



wrote, adding that the leader of men "must be an actor" and "have the fixed determination to acquire the warrior soul, and is unconvincing unless he lives the part." Patton lived the part, and the result is that all know, or think they know, Old Blood and Guts. The aristocratic bearing, the absolute self-confidence, the dedication to the profession of arms, the profanity, the fierce scowl in so many of the family photographs reproduced here: All were part of the warrior soul.

"We, as officers of the army, are not only members of the oldest of honorable professions, but also are the modern representatives of the demigods and heroes of antiquity," he told his men on one occasion. On another, he told them that they held the glory of American arms, the honor of the Army, and the future of the world in their hands. "See to it that you are worthy of this great trust." He told them that battle was "the most magnificent competition in which a human being can indulge. It brings out all that is best; it removes all that is base." He knew, he said, that they would "do their duty."

Heady stuff indeed, and all part of the Patton legend. Yet, as Blumenson emphasizes, the aristocratic bearing was the only part of it that came to him naturally (for Patton was a patrician, and so had certain class characteristics offensive to the egalitarian mind today, as well as certain prejudices). The rest was of his own manufacture.

Blumenson concludes that much of Patton's "act"—or his character, if you prefer—stemmed from the dyslexia he suffered from as a boy. "The seeming confidence of his actions and supreme rightness of his decisions emerged, paradoxically, from his own sense of dyslexic inadequacy. Succeeding in his endeavors at a terrible cost to himself, Patton sought perfection and was never satisfied with his performance."

Compounding this "terrible cost," according to Blumenson, was the subdural hematoma Patton acquired from too many knocks on the head from polo and various horseback-riding and automobile accidents. He specifically attributes the general's moodiness and at times volcanic anger—namely, the famous incidents in which he slapped GIs he thought were malingering in hospitals—to this blood on the brain.

"Like those who are unsure of their abilities, he needed continual reassurance, recognition, praise," writes Blumenson. "He received less than he expected, less than he needed, less than he thought he deserved."

Now, Blumenson is a Patton partisan, with no intention of diminishing the Patton reputation. Nevertheless, the theory of overcompensation does not adequately explain Patton's creation of his own character, which more than anything was the product of his genius for leadership, and for war. Genius cannot be explained in terms of a man's humanity; a Welsh proverb has it that genius only genius can explain. What we are left with is a very entertaining and perceptive appraisal of the man.

He believed in reincarnation, in his destiny to be a great commander, and in the necessity for excellence to be recognized. He told his son, on the latter's appointment to West Point, to dispense with friends and be a lone wolf, and also to do his damnedest "in an ostentatious manner all the time" to ensure recognition of his virtues.

Trained as a cavalryman, Patton believed mobility was the key to war, favoring even lighter armament on tanks if it enhanced speed. He instructed his commanders to lead in person, establish command posts far in front to save time, and keep plans simple and flexible. Discipline, cleanliness, and neatness guaranteed alertness. "Do not take counsel of your fears," he advised them. "Everywhere he went," writes Blumenson, "he made two types of talks, one full of profani-

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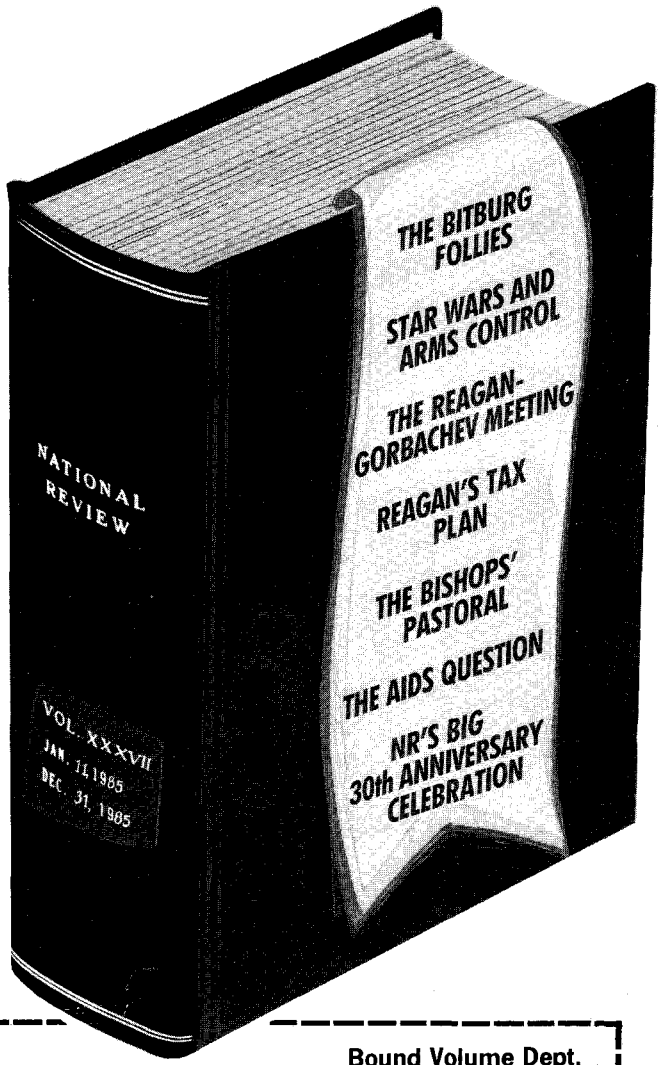

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extent of assimilation by present Latin American immigrants remains problematical.

The fact is, of course, that most Americans, regardless of their ethnic origin, view their country as a nation, unified by adherence to cultural norms that constitute an "American way" and which enable our peculiar political and legal system to operate satisfactorily. Certainly the acceptance of such norms tended to distinguish the nationalist movements of nineteenth- and twentieth-century Europe and America, and Connor's efforts to re-define "nation" must seem at best eccentric. For all the statistics and opinion polls artfully collected by the contributors to his volume, it is far from clear that the most recent wave of immigrants from Central America is being assimilated, in the deeper sense of the word. As Nathan Glazer, among other contributors, points out, civil-rights legislation, equal-opportunity codes, and court decisions have weakened the ability of the private sector to induce immigrants to conform to American standards. Advocates of the retention of alien languages and identities have become more respectable and influential, while "popular opinion also now questions the legitimacy and desirability of forcefully imposing a common identity on immigrants and members of minority groups."

The prospect of the United States' accepting an essentially new conception of itself as a multinational state with minimal norms of assimilation is not a particularly happy one. Among other such states of the past or present are the Byzantine, Ottoman, and Habsburg Empires, India and Iran, and the Soviet Union. If there is a lesson from history, it seems to be that multinational states can persist where authoritarian regimes are able to suppress centrifugal tendencies; where such regimes fail to do so, the results have included civil war, separatism, and often disintegration. Kevin Phillips has already written about "the Balkanization of America," while the historian John Lukacs, in *Outgrowing Democracy*, has pointed to the disintegrative effects of nineteenth- and twentieth-century immigration on the Anglo-Saxon political order of early America and has suggested that the melting pot today is not merely overflowing but is itself beginning to melt. Why, American citizens and their legislators are entitled to ask, does the United States need to accept masses of new immigrants now and probably more in the future, when the pressures for cultural assimilation are weakening and the demands for minority rights and identity are increasing? To limit the debate on immigration to the narrow terms in which these two volumes conduct it is to ignore a deeper and more important dimension of what it is to be a nation, a question to which Americans on both sides of the issue might usefully turn their attention. □

DISESTABLISHING SECULARISM

Joseph Sobran

Religion in American Public Life, by A. James Reichley (Brookings, 402 pp., $31.95 hardbound, $11.95 paperback)

THE MOST striking thing about this book is its publication under the auspices of the liberal Brookings Institution. *Religion in American Public Life* confirms nearly every conservative thesis about the role of religion in our politics and history. It will be a mighty useful book to keep at hand during the debates that lie ahead.

A. James Reichley concludes that Washington's words still speak for the American mainstream: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens."

Until very recently, few would have demurred. Even William O. Douglas affirmed that we are "a religious people whose institutions presuppose a Supreme Being"—"words that now astonish," as Reichley says, considering their source.

Most of the book is a brisk religious history of America, with special attention to the interpretation of the First Amendment's religion clause and the political activities of churches. Little of it is surprising to anyone acquainted with our past. The early American settlements were largely organized by religion; there were the two Great Awakenings; churches fought for privileged status in law; religious people fought for abolition and Social Gospel; immigrants complicated the picture; the churches continue to be active for various political causes. Reichley's style won't cause readers to faint with excitement, but he gets the job done. He shows how untenable some secularist versions of our history are, especially those held by recent members of the Supreme Court.

The Court's current understanding of the First Amendment emerges as half-baked, though Reichley is gentle about this. He points out that Potter Stewart hit an important nail on the head in a dissent from a Court ruling against school prayer: "Banishment of religion does not represent neutrality between religion and secularism [Reichley summarizes]; conduct of public institutions without any acknowledgment of religion *is* secularism."

More generally: "Whatever may be said for or against the substance of judicial activism, one thing can be said with confidence: It does not remotely approximate the idea that most Americans have of what the Supreme Court is supposed to do." Which is why liberals have spared the Court the sort of debunking campaigns they've conducted against Congress and the Presidency, the Pentagon, the CIA, and the FBI.

Catholics will be appalled to be reminded how their church has changed in its American demeanor. During the era of immigration and beyond, the hierarchy were equally firm in defending Catholic doctrine and Catholic interests. When nativist mobs menaced Catholics and their churches, Bishop John Hughes of New York warned: "If a single Catholic church is burned in New York, the city will become a second Moscow. . . . We can protect our own." There was a man with no qualms about deterrence. And it worked.

The book offers reassurance rather than discovery; it doesn't deepen received ideas, and it doesn't stop to analyze some rather problematic terms: pluralism, capitalism, the Judaeo-Christian tradition, the Right/Left dichotomy. But this is in the nature of an overview, and can easily be pardoned. Profundity may be sacrificed to convenience, as long as accuracy is maintained.

Here and there Reichley slips up: He ascribes Chesterton's remark that

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A NATION OF NUMBERS

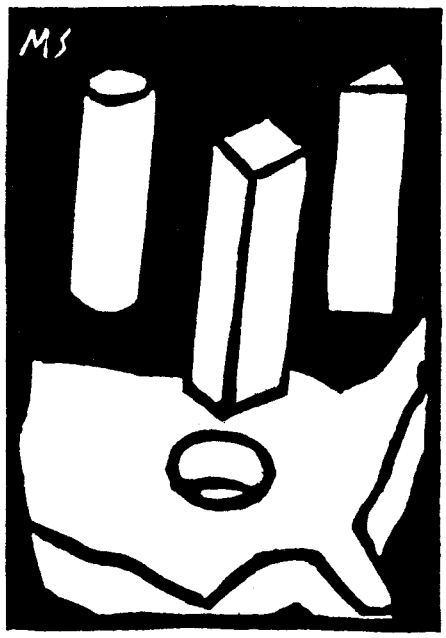
Samuel T. Francis

The Fourth Wave: California's Newest Immigrants, by Thomas Muller and Thomas J. Espenshade (Urban Institute Press, 217 pp., $12.95)

Mexican-Americans in Comparative Perspective, edited by Walker Connor (Urban Institute Press, 373 pp., $14.95)

THE DEBATE over immigration in recent years has tended to focus largely on the material effects of large numbers of aliens participating in the American economy, welfare apparatus, and political system. It seldom concentrates on the main issue that massive immigration raises, namely the effect on the cultural and social underpinnings of national identity and integrity. Thus, opponents of liberalized immigration laws argue that illegal immigrants from south of the border take jobs from native citizens, swell the welfare rolls, and constitute at least a potential law-enforcement, public-health, and internal-security problem. Those who favor liberalization have tended to deny these charges, and both sides have produced considerable evidence for their respective positions. Neither side, however, has discussed very much what constitutes a nation and under what circumstances it can admit large numbers of aliens without violating its own integrity.

Both the Muller/Espenshade study of Mexican immigrants in the economy of California and the Connor symposium on various aspects of Mexican-American life in the United States dwell on the quantifiable impact of immigration, and both books reflect a bias in favor of less restrictive laws and policies. Muller and Espenshade argue that Mexicans in Southern California create jobs and that they do not significantly deprive Americans of employment, although they also find that the new immigrants take substantially more, in the form of public-health and educational services, than they give in tax revenues. The authors pay little or no attention to several other studies that show considerable job displacement by new immigrants, and they almost certainly underestimate the use of welfare by illegal immigrants. In 1983 the Los Angeles County Health Services Department reported that the annual cost of providing its services to illegal aliens in the county was $150 million, and a study by the State Department found that welfare and health benefits for Salvadorans living in Los Angeles cost at least $875 million a year. Similar figures could be adduced for a number of other cities, states, and regions, but Muller and Espenshade do not cite any of them, and they write that "Undocumented immigrants are assumed to receive only the services to which they are entitled," ignoring evidence of welfare fraud accumulated by the Immigration and Naturalization Service and the repeal, in 1984, of directives requiring proof of documented status as a prerequisite for unemployment benefits in California.



It was not Muller and Espenshade's intention to measure the cultural, social, and political effects of mass immigration, and, as they acknowledge, "The non-economic effects of a large population of Hispanic and Asian origin cannot be fully quantified or even identified." These effects are of more concern to the contributors to Walker Connor's volume, though the tendency of the authors is to reduce "assimilation" to the most quantifiable indicators. Connor himself, in an introductory essay, draws a distinction between a *nation*—"a country that demonstrates a very high level of homogeneity from an ethnonational viewpoint"—and a "multinational state." " 'The American nation,' " he informs us, "whether used in reference to the country called the United States or to the polygenetic citizenry of that country, is also a misnomer."

It follows from this distinction that assimilation into a multinational state is less difficult than into a nation. In the former, adherence by different national groups to common norms of language, history, religion, art, moral values, social institutions, and manners is virtually impossible; hence assimilation is said to occur when the component groups are able to approach similar levels of income, education, and political and social participation. Even by this reduced standard, however, the

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THE CURRAN CRISIS

Pity Charlie Curran. There is hardly a better-liked priest among the whole body of Catholic theologians in the United States. He works hard, is conscientious, shows intellectual courage, and is open and friendly even with those with whom he is in disagreement. He has made many sacrifices in his life, including years of celibacy. Father Curran loves the Church.

Even so, the Vatican office charged with watching over the integrity of the faith has questioned some of Father Curran's findings on sterilization, euthanasia, homosexuality, abortion, contraception, masturbation, premarital sex, and divorce. The issue seems to be Curran's *method*, even more than his particular findings. The Vatican has reason to note Father Curran's good will and seriousness of purpose.

The Catholic Church, however, has no strength at all except its fidelity to God's Word, as it has been received and passed down from generation to generation. Keeping that stream pure is its link to God.

Catholic theologians are necessarily on the "cutting edge" of the Church's intellectual life. For the Faith is passed on in words, but, through casual usage, words often lose (or change) their meanings. To keep the original *intentions* behind the words alive, poets—and theologians—must approach them with ever fresh minds. This is tricky business.

Theologians need room in which to work. To employ Cardinal Newman's metaphor, they make the ascent of mountains only by a zigzag course. Sometimes they zig or zag too far. Theology is as hazardous as mountain-climbing. For the Christian church does not live by dazzling personal opinions alone (although the visions theologians gain often do take the breath away). It lives by fidelity to the received Word of God.

The theologian, therefore, has a double task: both to proceed with unimpeachable intellectual integrity and also to be faithful to the Word committed to the care of the Church. Two authorities move the theologian: the authority of conscientious intellect and the authority of the Church. But the theologian is often called to work in grey areas, out in the no-man's-land of unsettled questions. Looking for guides, often he finds few. This is why intellectual bravery is required.

Still, theologians are not usually giants. Is it surprising that in a no-man's-land some will be wounded, lost, or confused, and some will send back faulty signals? If the job were easy, bravery would not be required. Nor is one safe in agreement with one's peers. Even if "everyone" is speeding on the highway, the state police may halt only one auto in a hundred—honoring the law, but not with "equal justice."

In theology, the ones most vulnerable are those who work in pontifical institutions chartered to speak with unusual authority in the name of the Pope, such as Father Curran in the theology department of Catholic University, or Father Hans Küng in the Pontifical Chair at Tübingen. Is the Pope to lend this unusual authority—the task of presenting authoritative Catholic teaching on the issues involved—to one who, in his theological work, proposes, however respectfully, views at variance with that teaching?

Father Curran's own intention, stated at a press conference March 11, is to act as a kind of avant garde for the Church at a time of great turbulence, hoping to light the way to new positions for the Church, in a way that he believes will best protect her fidelity to her own tradition. He puts his work, in effect, at the disposition of Church authorities, offering them (in his view) a better way into the future. He himself notes ambiguities and dangers to be faced, if his views were to be accepted.

After due study, in a process that began in 1979, Pope John Paul II has decided that the Catholic Church should not follow the trails blazed by Father Curran and a great number of other Catholic theologians. Such a decision constitutes a "crisis"—a turning point. Those on the wrong side of that new turn feel the pain.

Including me. On the matter of birth control, I find the single issue on which my own reflections as a philosopher and theologian do not come out in accordance with Catholic teaching. I have stated the reasons why this is so; a philosopher/theologian is in the business of articulating arguments and reasons. Pope John Paul II is ruling against these. Of course, he has the right to pass such judgment. Theologians propose; the Pope disposes. His responsibilities are for the whole Church, future as well as present.

The task of theologians is to make the best arguments we can, but not to fall in love with these arguments. Theologians of one generation have often been thought by those of the next to have erred; error is our daily bread. It sometimes happens, though, that what a theologian writes does hit the truth, even though the Church at the time does not recognize it. In that sense, we too write not solely for present judgment but for the judgment of the future. In God's own time, these things straighten out.

The life of a community, such as a church spanning the generations, has its own rhythms, longer than those of an individual lifetime. And theology is more like medicine than physics; even great discoveries need a period of probation. Whether in error or in truth, Father Curran has served the Church well. Time will winnow his work, and the good grain therein will remain. Meanwhile, the winnowing, necessary as it is for the community of faith, causes pain. □

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ABROAD

MANILA *Down the Road*

President Corazon Aquino's release of leading political prisoners was aimed principally at calming the Philippines' political and military dissidents, especially the commanders of the 15,000-man New People's Army (NPA), the Filipino Communist insurgency movement. The NPA, originally derived from the Huk rebellion of the late 1940s, operates in most of the country, but its stronghold is the big southern island of Mindanao, where it was responsible for five thousand civilian and military deaths last year. Mrs. Aquino's government faces another menace, also in the south: Moslem secessionists, who are strong not only in Mindanao but also in the islands of the Sulu archipelago, which stretches toward Indonesia. Largely Sunni, these Moslems have recently been influenced by Islamic fundamentalism and at present receive help from a number of Arab countries, including Libya. They are split into three groups: the biggest, the Moro National Liberation Front (MNLF), wants complete secession; the smaller Moro Islamic Liberation Front and the still smaller Bangsa Moro Liberation Front would settle for autonomy in their territories. Leaders of the two smaller groups are now in Manila for negotiations. The powerful Moslem league, based in Saudi Arabia, is said to be using its influence with the standoffish MNLF to persuade it to join them. There are other complications, such as the presence of considerable Christian minorities in the Moslem areas. Mrs. Aquino will probably employ as a framework of discussion an agreement reached in Tripoli in 1976 and supported by her late husband, Benigno, whereby the 13 Moslem-dominated southern provinces would be granted a local legislative authority, a judicial system based on Moslem codes, and the right to tax locally and raise a militia.

HAVANA *Rapprochement with the Church?*

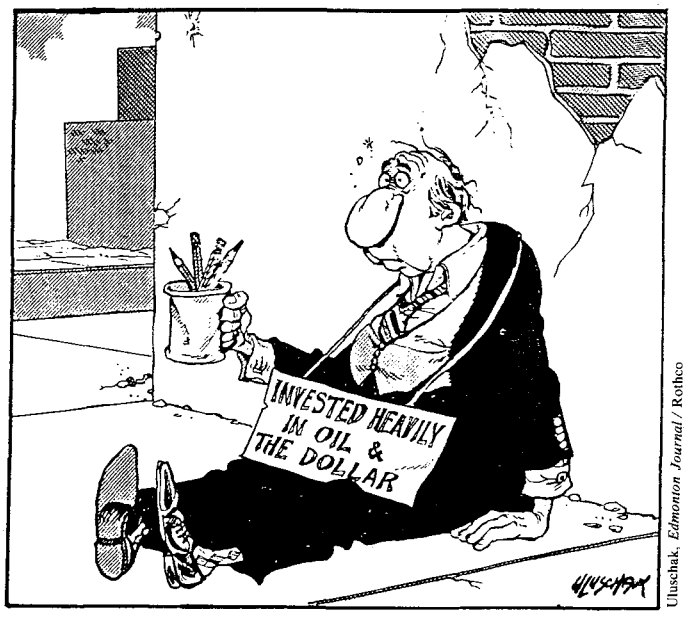
After 27 years of power as a Communist potentate, is there now some likelihood that Fidel Castro will reconcile himself with the Roman Catholic Church? A book entitled *Fidel and Religion* is being widely sold in Cuban bookstores. It was written by a radical Brazilian Dominican, Fray Betto, who held a record 23 hours of interviews with Castro. In the book, Castro explains why he thought a rigorously atheistic Communist Party was necessary in post-Batista Cuba and discusses various religious influences in his life, such as his upbringing by a devout Catholic mother. He adds that religion is "not necessarily" the opium of the people and cites the Communist regime of Poland, where many individuals in the Party hierarchy are Catholics. Diplomatic observers point to other indications of a shift of attitude. Last fall Castro had an official meeting with three Cuban bishops on the eve of their departure for the United States, and he saw them again on their return two months later. He had a lengthy session with American bishops who came to Havana for a Cuban episcopal conference, and he invited two Cuban bishops to participate in the Havana conference on foreign debt in Latin America last July. The Church in Cuba has suffered considerable harm during the years of Communist rule—today, there are officially only eighty thousand communicants out of a population of ten million—and it faces competition from a number of Protestant denominations, toward which Castro has adopted a neutral attitude. Castro is also talking about a visit from the Pope, possibly in 1987, since he sees John Paul II as an important political figure. The Pope, on his side, is described here as "intrigued" by the idea of going to Cuba, although opponents of the project in the Vatican say that the trip might only serve to bestow a new credibility on Castro.

LONDON *Literary Finds*

This is the time for discovering poems: after Shakespeare, Oscar Wilde. An original poem by the controversial turn-of-the-century Anglo-Irish author has been found, written while he was a student at Oxford, and will be sold at Sotheby's in July. The newly discovered work is entitled "Heart's Yearnings" and consists of several stanzas. It is in manuscript, covers both sides of a single sheet, and is signed with the poet's full name. Going on sale at the same time is a group of Wilde papers and memorabilia, including a letter he wrote to a friend from his self-imposed exile in France after he was released from Reading Gaol. "I learnt many things in prison that were terrible to learn," the letter says at one point, "but I learnt some good lessons that were needed."

PARIS *The (Less) Miraculous Catch*

Few figures of living folklore are better known than the solitary fisherman sitting endlessly on the *quais* of Paris and never catching anything other than a rare listless minnow. Anti-pollution measures in the Seine have changed all that, and the Paris angler now has a whole range of fish to try his luck with—trout, bream, pickerel, catfish, and perch. The fish now linger and even breed in the shadows of the river islands such as the Ile de la Cité and the Ile St.-Louis, where weeds and grasses grow in the eddies and little inlets. Someone even caught a piranha the other day in one of the tributary canals; ichthyologists concluded that the exotic creature had been released from an aquarium.



Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal* / Rothco

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phy and economic outcome is made—a very rare thing in the world of AID.

Contrast this with AID's Development Overview on Mozambique, a Marxist-Leninist dictatorship since 1975. It opens as follows: "A severe economic crisis has gripped Mozambique for the past several years. [This is followed by statistics amply proving the point.] This economic crisis stems from a colonial legacy which contributed little to equitable development benefiting the majority of the population and inappropriate economic policies in the post-independence years."

No mention of Marxism, Samora Machel's alignment with the Soviet Union, or his East German and Cuban support. Merely "inappropriate economic policies," as a result of which U.S. taxpayers are this year asked to send $25 million. But in this case not to "disadvantaged" Mozambicans fighting Machel from the bush. The money goes to Machel himself. An AID official I spoke to admitted that the program was controversial but said that the State Department, not AID, was really responsible for it.

AID's Congressional Presentation volumes often err on the side of optimism. (They are appeals for funds, after all.) Still, the latest volumes, just published, can't hide the economic travails of those countries where aid was said by Mr. McPherson to be "working" in 1983.

El Salvador: "From 1979 through 1983, the country experienced a 23 per cent reduction in real GDP. Exports declined 34.3 per cent, unemployment rose, capital was transferred out of the country, and private investment fell by 52 per cent . . . The government of El Salvador has still to create an environment conducive to investment and economic growth."

Honduras: ". . . a 14 per cent decline in real per-capita income during the 1980-83 period . . . Very serious problems remain. In 1984 unemployment was estimated to be 25 per cent." (According to Richard Derham, AID could not get the policy reforms it wanted here. Honduran officials, who wanted to preserve existing policies, "went to the National Security Council and beat up on AID," arguing that the Sandinistas made change too risky.)

Costa Rica: "Gross domestic product fell, dropping to a negative rate of 7.3 per cent in 1982 . . ."

Jamaica: "The majority of the population has experienced a decline in real income and quality of life . . . In the context of the present economic crisis, AID is concentrating on activities designed to stimulate much greater investment, particularly in the export sector . . ."

The economic situation in Jamaica is potentially serious, and was to a very large extent precipitated by Prime Minister Edward Seaga's failure to understand that it makes no sense to drive economic activity underground by confiscatory taxation; and by the reluctance of senior Reagan Administration officials to tell him this forthrightly. (The marginal tax rate on even low-income earners in Jamaica exceeds 50 per cent.)

Seaga has now said that he will cut taxes—spurred on apparently by his more explicitly socialist rival, Michael Manley. In any event it is a near certainty that if he does not cut taxes, the feckless Seaga will be turfed out by the long-suffering electorate.

Without a doubt, Seaga and Duarte are two heads of state that the U.S. could topple right away if it wanted to. But in neither case is this likely to happen. Manley's Cuban connections are too explicit; Duarte's Marxist rebels, too obvious.

A brief look at the remaining countries on the ESF chart: The Sudanese president, Gaifar el Nimeiry, was overthrown in April 1985, and on January 18 of this year the *Washington Post* reported that "Sudan is sending a top-level government delegation to Moscow this week in a bid to enlist Soviet diplomatic support to help end the two-year-old civil war raging in the south." Reagan will be lucky if Sudan doesn't wind up in the Soviet orbit before the end of his term. As for Pakistan, one might more appropriately worry that it will become the next Afghanistan than the next Philippines.

Turkey (the figures suggest) had some economic problems, which it has at least partially corrected. It is difficult to get accurate figures on Turkish tax rates in the late 1970s. But by 1985, Polyconomics Inc., a leading supply-side economic forecaster, was rating Turkey a low-tax state.

This leaves Israel and Egypt. Israel's economy has almost certainly been damaged by the flood of aid dollars it has received since the Camp David Accords. But we may agree that it is not a plausible candidate for aid-destabilization. (Still, I would urge American Jews concerned about the fate of Israel to be more alert to aid's unintended consequences.)

Which brings us to Hosni Mubarak's Egypt. Apparently there is a lot of concern about Egypt at AID. "We've been telling them," one official told me, "that if they don't put some economic reforms into place and eliminate all those subsidies they're going to go down."

The problem here certainly did not originate with AID. As Richard Derham pointed out, Israel (or its lobbyists) drives the aid levels, and Capitol Hill's bipartisan deference to equity, the negotiating process, and suchlike totems ensures that Egypt's support rises with Israel's (although not so fast). Egypt is still being "thanked" for Camp David. The idea, perhaps unwisely endorsed by Israel's supporters, is that a "bought" Egypt will stay bought and stay friendly to the U.S. and to Israel.

The sudden and widespread rioting in Egypt this February should give us pause. The massive aid Egypt now receives gives plenty of scope for corruption. The country festers with vulgar pockets of envy-stirring consumption, Cadillacs by the Nile, incongruous extrusions of wealth conspicuously unconnected to the real Egyptian economy. Can Mohammed's avengers be far behind? Didn't we go through this already with Iran?

Subsidies (loaves of bread are cheaper than pig feed and so are fed to the pigs) and declining oil prices are draining the treasury, but Mubarak's cabinet officers are reluctant to alter course partly because they believe U.S. politics will perpetuate their subsidy; and partly because the country operates on the quasi-socialist assumption that the poor should be protected by the rulers. "There's this whole ideology under the subsidies," I was told by an AID official. "We talk economics and they hear political theology. To us it's inefficiency, but to them it's what the 1952 officers' revolution was about."

So there may be another revolution, this time Islamic. My money is on Egypt as the next Philippines. If so, the victors will also inherit the arms with which we so generously rewarded those who sought to make peace with Israel. □

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ment of taxes. For 1984, Honduras plans an absolute reduction in central-government current expenditures.

"Unfortunately, government revenues anticipated from tariff measures were significantly lower because of the overall unprojected drops in economic activity in 1982 and 1983." (This is a good illustration of the Laffer Curve in action.)

Panama: "Additional revenue is being raised through an increase in minimum tariffs and crude-petroleum import taxes."

The ESF chart should be read in the light of these tax increases.

When I showed this memorandum to Richard Derham, Assistant AID Administrator for Program and Policy Coordination, a political appointee, shortly after he left the agency to return to his Seattle law firm this March, he shook his head and said, "Basically these people think they're running their own agency." (He was referring to career employees, or professionals as they are sometimes called.) He said the AID bureaucracy was routinely hostile to talk of tax cuts.

In September 1985, Bruce Bartlett of the Heritage Foundation and Alvin Rabushka of the Hoover Institution presented a paper on supply-side tax policies in developing nations to AID employees. Agency reaction was negative, according to Derham. "The bureaucrats are fighting tooth and nail on this," he said. Donor Lion, mission director of a large AID program in Pakistan, said the Bartlett-Rabushka paper was "an embarrassment to the agency." Ken Kauffman, director of the Office of Economic Affairs, was "violently opposed," according to Bartlett.

It is a remarkable fact that in the country-by-country reports included in AID's Congressional Presentation volumes (and the reports are fairly detailed, e.g., 18 pages on Costa Rica, 21 pages on Jamaica), there is no information about tax rates and the dollar levels at which they take effect. Yet a plethora of obscure statistics is provided—the percentage of married women aged 15 to 44 who use contraception, for example. AID personnel keep an eye on all sorts of economic and statistical dials—imports, trade balance, external debt, population growth rate, annual per-capita agricultural-production growth rate, literacy rate, life expectancy—all except the most important, the one that reflects incentives to engage in economic behavior at all: the wedge of taxation that is driven between buyers and sellers, making agreement between them difficult and sometimes impossible.

As a result, many of the country reports describe local economic decline with implicit bafflement. Because AID professionals do not look at the crucial dial, obviously in many cases believing it to be unimportant or perhaps ideologically unwelcome, they are no better at forecasting events than meteorologists without radar.

Crucial political considerations are often tactfully excluded, so that it is sometimes hard to tell from AID documents whether an AID country is a dictatorship or a democracy. Economies, in the AID world view, seem to consist of fungible parts (with names like "GNP growth," "debt-as-percentage-of-GNP"), perhaps in need of maintenance, perhaps not, irrespective of whether the country has just joined the Soviet bloc, elections have been canceled, property rights have been ruined by land reform, or taxes have been raised to confiscatory levels. AID professionals are like building inspectors who deride the importance of foundations, and neglect roofs into the bargain; or like doctors who are fascinated by dermatology but maintain a tenacious opposition to cardiograms and X-rays.

South Africa is a clear exception, suggesting that AID may be more politicized than its apolitical econometrics suggest. For the last two years AID has been sending dollars not to the South African government but to "disadvantaged South Africans"—a highly unusual circumstance, since U.S. aid is almost always government-to-government. The program has grown rapidly, with a budget request this year for $22 million.

AID's Development Overview section on Disadvantaged South Africans begins: "South Africa is in a state of political, social, and economic crisis due in very large part to that country's misguided policy of 'apartheid' [which] imposes a legal framework of dehumanizing restrictions on black South Africans that are an affront to human values . . . It endangers United States interests by threatening the stability of this vital region. It directly contributes to the social and economic deprivation of the population it legally disenfranchises." Here the link between political philoso-

GROWTH OF U.S. FOREIGN AID

Leading recipients of Economic Support Funds (ESF), a cash-transfer grant from the U.S. Treasury, in millions of dollars,[1] by fiscal year.

	1980	1981	1982	1983	1984	1985	1986	1987[2]
Israel	785	764	806	785	910	1,950	1,898	1,200
Egypt	865	829	771	750	853	1,065	1,031	815
Sudan	40	50	100	82	120	114	60	90
Turkey	198	200	300	285	138	175	119	150
Pakistan	0	0	100	200	225	200	239	250
Philippines	20	30	50	50	50	140	119	95
El Salvador	9	44	115	140	120	285	210	240
Costa Rica	0	0	20	157	130	160	150	150
Honduras	0	0	36	56	40	147	61	90
Jamaica	0	41	90	59	55	70	70	100
Haiti[3]	1	0	0	10	5	5	3	5

1. In March 1986 an AID official explained: "Under the general legislative terms of ESF, we can't track the dollars. ESF goes to the government and does not leave a local audit trail."
2. Request for 1987 made in January, before the fall of Marcos and Duvalier.
3. Haiti not a "leading" recipient but included for comparison.

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itary and economic aid—$3 billion for Israel and $2 billion for Egypt. Other countries receiving high or growing amounts of ESF money are Liberia, Zambia, and Kenya.

It is, I believe, highly significant that in the months before the departures of "Baby Doc" Duvalier and Marcos from Haiti and the Philippines, the Agency for International Development slowed down the aid flow to both countries. According to Charles Greenleaf, assistant AID administrator for Asia and the Near East, in the last year or so "the actual disbursement of money in the Philippines was significantly slowed down."

This obliquely lends credence to the theory that the U.S. props up heads of state around the globe. Look at what happened to two of them when we rattled the props. According to another AID official, El Salvador's José Napoleón Duarte wouldn't last more than a few weeks without U.S. aid. The ESF chart thus suggests candidates for instability—or should we say destabilization?—in the future. And it is not hard to see why ESF-recipient countries might be politically precarious. When we try to institute policy reforms in these countries—as we very properly do in return for giving them taxpayers' dollars—the recommended policy changes must be accompanied by threats to withdraw the aid if we are to seem serious. These threats inevitably then send tremors across the political landscape.

Since the fall of Marcos there has been a good deal of comment in the press suggesting that South Korea and Chile are next on the list: Their tyrants too must be toppled. But a look at the AID charts suggests that this may be no more than liberal wishful thinking. Neither country receives U.S. foreign aid, and so we have no leverage. There are no props for us to jostle. (There are American troops in Korea, but that doesn't give us much direct influence on Korean economic policies.) When I pointed this out to Richard J. Barnet, senior fellow of the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, D.C., he gave an interesting reply: "The World Bank does have leverage." He clearly grasped, as not everyone does, the potential for political destabilization by such international institutions. (Actually, the World Bank has lent Chile about $1 billion and South Korea about $5 billion—probably not enough to give the Bank much leverage either.)

In an important newspaper column, which deserved to be on the front page of our major newspapers, Warren Brookes pointed out that the International Monetary Fund undoubtedly destabilized the Philippines with an "austerity plan" that "drove the economy into a 9 per cent free-fall depression in 1984 and 1985 and brought 50 per cent inflation." According to Brookes, the major problem

> was a more than 40 per cent increase in effective marginal income-tax rates, engineered by the 65 per cent devaluation of the peso from 12.5 cents to 4.5 cents. . . . In 1981, the 19 per cent marginal tax rate started at about $7,500, but under devaluation it starts at only $2,500. The 35 per cent top rate, which used to start at $60,000, now hits at only $22,500. In addition, at the IMF's urging, Mr. Marcos raised business taxes in 1984 by more than 30 per cent, with a 45 per cent rate now starting on only $6,800 in net business profits . . . These "rich man's" tax rates were suddenly thrust on even the smallest businesses, retail shops, and services and radicalized their politics in favor of Mrs. Aquino.

Such misguided advice from Washington has been all too common. In late 1983 AID Administrator Peter McPherson wrote an Op-Ed article for the *Washington Post* ("Aid Is Working in Central America") in which he claimed that "governments we help have all taken major fiscal steps to reduce expenditures and increase revenues." (To "increase revenues" means to raise taxes.)

Curious about this policy coming from the supposedly supply-side Reagan Administration, I wrote to AID and asked for more details, in due course receiving a memorandum specifically responding to my request. It was dated January 17, 1984, addressed to Peter Hickman of Public Affairs, and written by Robert S. Queener of the Latin American/Caribbean Bureau. Here are some excerpts:

Costa Rica: "Expenditures were cut in real terms by holding down wage increases . . . Revenues were increased by adding an income-tax surcharge [I believe in 1982] and increasing the sales tax among others."

El Salvador: "In 1983 the government doubled its Stamp Tax from 2 per cent to 5 per cent. This measure is expected to expand current revenues by 11 per cent."

Guatemala: "Measures were included in the [1983] program to improve the foreign-liquidity position of the Central Bank and central-government revenues. Accordingly the government recently introduced a 7 per cent value-added tax."

Honduras: "In July 1982, the Honduran Congress legislated duty surcharges on selected imports of consumer goods and raised substantially the penalties for underpay-

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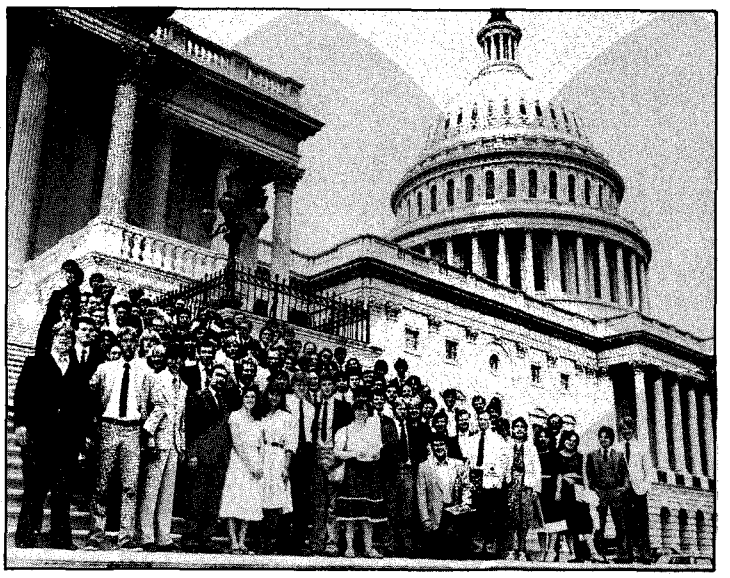

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In the Nation's Capital

Summer—1986

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SEARCHING FOR THE NEXT MARCOS

EVER SINCE the United States furnished Ferdinand Marcos with air transportation to Hawaii, I have been trying to make sense of U.S. foreign policy. More to the point, I have been trying to figure out who's next. I propose to answer my question with a prediction, using as my guide the famous advice of the astute former attorney general John Mitchell: Watch what we do, not what we say.

Consider first the domestic analogue to foreign policy. You could try to discern U.S. domestic policy by reading presidential statements and senatorial speeches. On the other hand you could turn to the budget and the tax code and find out who gets the money and what are the incentives. What domestic policy *does* is not necessarily what it says. (No one opposes saving in a speech, for example, although we do in a tax code that penalizes people who put money away.)

Foreign policy should be treated the same way. Actual speeches on the topic are almost impossible to read because they're so imprecise and above all abstract. (At the rhetorical level, foreign policy seems to be mostly a matter of coordination, consultation, sustained engagement, mutual restraint, pragmatic compromise, developing frameworks, and long-term commitment—but not to Marcos, it turned out.) Not much to sink your teeth into.

Then again, as with domestic policy, you can turn to U.S. budget documents to find out who gets the money and what the incentives are. I propose to rely largely on the U.S. Agency for International Development's Congressional Presentation volumes—four or five of them put out every January and setting forth in considerable detail what the U.S. actually does abroad. One might expect them to be dull, but they are more interesting reading than the speeches.

Aid is dangerous because it props up incompetent governments, encouraging them in their incompetence, and because it is a prop we can remove at any time. In the Philippines, for example, one wonders: Was the problem simply Marcos himself, as the liberals want us to believe? Or did he adopt unwise policies at the United States' behest (or the behest of a multilateral agency)? Have we unwittingly pursued anti-democratic or destabilizing policies in the Philippines or elsewhere?

In examining U.S. relations with foreign countries it is not difficult to contrast the theory and practice of policy. In theory, for example, as President Reagan's March 14 message on foreign policy asserts, our long-term goal abroad is "sustained growth and progress by encouraging market-oriented reform." But the very next sentence makes you wonder whether official Washington has yet emerged from its Great Society, indeed its New Deal, mindset.

"In Central America, for example, the dollar value of our economic aid has consistently been three, four, or five times as much as our security assistance. In 1985 the former totaled $975 million, the latter, only $227 million." As though putting Central American government officials on U.S. welfare helps to "encourage market-oriented reforms." Admittedly, the next sentence cautions: "Over the long term, America's most effective contribution to self-sustaining growth is not through direct aid but through helping these economies to earn their own way."

This is like saying that at some unspecified point in the future we will cut off the welfare—but not right now. In fact, it is a matter of urgent necessity that foreign-aid officials, and the foreign-policy community in general, begin to think of aid as potentially doing more harm than good. Yet this year the Reagan Administration is requesting about $16 billion in foreign economic and military assistance—just about double the amount appropriated in fiscal year 1982, Reagan's first year in office.

A source at the U.S. Agency for International Development suggested to me that the foreign-aid program most worth examining is the Economic Support Fund (ESF), which is in effect a cash grant from the U.S. Treasury to specified foreign governments. ESF money is to be contrasted with the second main category of foreign aid, Development Assistance, which goes for specific projects, such as roads and dams. Expenditure of Development Assistance money is supervised by AID personnel in the field, whereas ESF expenditures are not. The ESF budget request this year will be about $4 billion, although this may be reduced by Gramm-Rudman. Development Assistance is considerably less—$1.67 billion. It is the ESF money that has the greatest potential for doing unexpected harm.

The main ESF-recipient countries are listed in the table on page 44, which also shows the considerable growth of this aid since Reagan took office. The AID official suggested the following theory: Countries where ESF cash transfers are rising rapidly, or remain steadily at high levels (per capita), are experiencing economic difficulties that the stream of checks from the U.S. Treasury partially conceals from the relevant foreign government officials. American dollars insulate them from the pain inflicted by their own policy errors, and so they have little inclination to make the necessary adjustments. The official likened this to a heroin addict sustained by methadone who therefore does not have to face withdrawal symptoms. Foreign aid, specifically ESF, is the methadone.

The table suggests that such countries include, or have included: El Salvador, Honduras, Costa Rica, Jamaica, Pakistan, the Philippines, Sudan, Turkey, Israel, and Egypt. The two last account for almost one-third of all U.S. mil-

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Director James Miller III evidently understands the need for such tactics. With strong White House backing, Miller's asset-sale strategy could become a powerful weapon to break up the public-spending lobbies.

OMB has identified several candidates for the auction block, and others could be added to the list. Selling part of the $200-billion federal loan portfolio makes particularly good sense. The government is owed money by students, small businessmen, farmers, and others. Like the secondary-mortgage market, a private market exists for such loans, so cash can be raised to meet Gramm-Rudman targets by "cashing out" the value of future loan income. And because no vested interest would be challenged by the sale, the political signs are favorable.

Other sales require careful political strategies to be successful. As with Amtrak, overcoming opposition to the sale of the Department of Energy's federal power marketing administrations, for instance, might necessitate giving existing recipients of the cut-rate electricity free stock in the privatized utilities—otherwise they will have every reason to campaign against the sale of the facilities that currently provide them with subsidized power.

Vouchers are another method of privatization that can cut costs and change the politics of spending. By providing users of federal services with the means to purchase the same services in the private market, vouchers turn passive clients into active consumers, thereby encouraging beneficiaries to search for the most competitive provider. A comprehensive housing-voucher program, for example, long resisted by Congress, could make a significant dent in the $10-billion low-income-housing programs by giving tenants the incentive to shop around. Similarly, switching Medicare and Medicaid to a voucher-based system would lead to more cost-cutting competition in these programs, which together now cost taxpayers $88 billion a year. And phasing in health vouchers for veterans would improve on VA care and cut costs.

The days of trying to reach pragmatic, incremental budget compromises are over. So are the days of preemptive concessions. Every such agreement during the Administration's first five years has left the White House with little to show for its efforts—except a rising ocean of red ink.

It is time for the Administration to adopt a strategy based on the changed political rules and dynamics of the budget game. Victory will not come with the first confrontation. But learning to love Gramm-Rudman is one of the most important political challenges the Reagan Administration will face this year. The Washington Monument Ploy notwithstanding, the Administration could reduce spending by $100 billion in fiscal 1987 alone, if it follows a logical program and backs it up with both rhetoric and muscle. ☐

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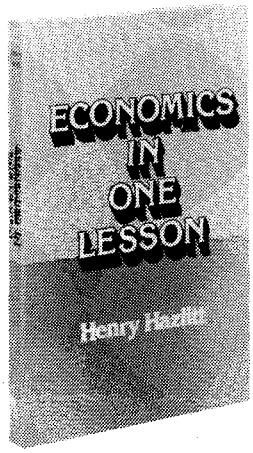
ECONOMICS IN ONE LESSON



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stone National Park, reducing the number of federal meat inspectors and air-traffic controllers, and buying no more jet fuel for Air Force pilot training. The aim is to trigger such public outcries that the entire effort to bring federal spending under control will be undermined, allowing Washington to return to business as usual.

Reagan's High Ground

BUT REAGAN is in a good position to counteract this Washington Monument Ploy. After all, it will be his role to defend truly valuable programs and expose worthless ones, an inherently strong position. Take as an example defense, a danger area because the Administration is perceived (wrongly) as having been inflexible and because any defense cuts frighten some of the President's natural allies. Here both the Washington Monumenters and anti-defense ideologues will seek to cut vital programs. The President, in response, should press Congress to explain why it is in such a hurry to cut critical weapons systems and defense research, yet refuses to make defense cuts that would not endanger security, such as closing unneeded military bases, another item Congress exempted from the automatic provisions of Gramm-Rudman. While doing this, Congress also voted $747 million in Impact Aid during 1985 to "compensate" communities for the "cost" of such bases. In other words, Congress fights to keep the bases open, presumably because they bring economic rewards to the local communities, and then appropriates money to pay the communities for the "hardship" of harboring bases. Putting our lawmakers on the spot this way could force them to cut away at the fat. A real assault on worthless defense expenditures could salvage the goal of modest real growth in the rest of the defense budget.

Beyond defense, finding other winning tradeoffs, other budgetary "learning experiences," becomes even easier. Heritage Foundation analysts have already identified and advised OMB of 25 federal programs that could be eliminated without significant effect on anyone's well-being. For example: Congress spends nearly $5 *billion* a year on the Rural Electrification Administration, created during the 1930s to provide electricity to rural America. This, despite the fact that 99 per cent of today's rural communities have electricity. Rural-electrification funds are now being used for cable-television service, and subsidized REA loans are recycled by communities to earn interest income.

Policymakers must also face the fact that many federal programs simply put cash into the pockets of American business. The $500-million Urban Development Action Grant program, for instance, has helped pay construction costs for some of the nation's most profitable hotel chains. And NASA channels $600 million each year into subsidies for the civilian aircraft industry. To be sure, the special-interest lobbyists will laugh at a budget proposal that would empty the pork barrel. Their congressional allies will try to keep in the budget such critical national priorities as free towing, courtesy of the Coast Guard, for private yachtsmen. But such handouts will not survive if the President brings the public into the tradeoffs debate, a job he is superbly equipped to do.

If open debate on tradeoffs is the key to the dynamics of Gramm-Rudman, then privatization is one of the most important components of that debate. So far, shifting government functions into the private sector has been seen simply as a way of saving money. To be sure, it is this, but it is also far more. Rather than using brute political muscle to reduce the size and intrusiveness of Washington, privatization employs political judo. Like judo, where victory is secured by using an opponent's own weight and power against him, privatization is a strategy to induce constituencies to divert all or part of their demand for specific government services to the private sector. Privatization, in short, can create a grass-roots antidote to the grass-roots craving for more federal projects and spending. For instance, earlier this year former public-housing tenants in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, became first-time homeowners under a Reagan Administration pilot program enabling tenants to buy public housing. A similar program in Britain has been an enormous success: More than 800,000 tenants have bought their homes since 1979, and more than $15 billion in sales revenue has flowed into the British treasury; thousands more tenants, who once clamored for subsidies, are now pressing for further sales.

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Privatization, moreover, offers congressmen the prospect of a political free lunch. Traditional budget cutting required lawmakers to say no to constituents. Privatization, on the other hand, enables congressmen to cut spending while still providing the same services and doing so more efficiently, or by providing a more attractive arrangement completely in the private sector.

The Public's Interest

THIS GENERAL strategy translates into hard-nosed tactics for individual programs. Instead of losing the annual battle to eliminate Amtrak subsidies, for instance, the Administration should consider offering the public shares in a new corporation that would operate the heavily used Eastern portion of the system. Constituency support for such a sale could be built by awarding blocks of free or discounted stock to Amtrak employees, regular users of the system, and perhaps even residents of cities served by Amtrak trains. This tactic of "buying out" opponents of privatization has worked with dramatic results in Britain, where $25 billion in assets and 400,000 government-paid workers have been transferred to the private sector since Margaret Thatcher came to power in 1979.

By contrast, the Reagan Administration's attempts to sell assets—such as Conrail, weather satellites, and small tracts of public lands—have failed to blend a budget objective with a shrewd coalition-building strategy. The Administration's privatization attempts have so far failed to excite the public's desire for better tradeoffs, for getting more for its money rather than just getting less of it back in services, as budget cutters seem to propose. OMB

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LEARNING TO LOVE GRAMM-RUDMAN

As if some gigantic meteor were hurtling toward the city, Washington, D.C., is girding for an apocalypse. Warnings of doom, chaos, and catastrophe fill the air. All that is missing are those solemn men pacing the sidewalks with sandwich boards proclaiming: THE END IS NEAR.

What is terrifying the capital is the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings budget act, which mandates sharp deficit reductions each year until the federal budget is balanced in 1991. If Congress and the President fail to meet Gramm-Rudman's annual deficit-reduction targets, then automatic cuts will be imposed.* These cuts, say many observers, will be so politically painful that Ronald Reagan will have no choice but to reverse his Revolution, raising taxes and abandoning the rebuilding of U.S. defenses.

The truth is that Gramm-Rudman should be viewed not as a threat but as an opportunity—a shift in the political dynamics that have given us decades of overspending. President Reagan could exploit this change in dynamics to win what would be one of the most important victories of the Reagan era. Gramm-Rudman can be used to eliminate some federal programs, streamline many more, and transfer others to the private sector and the states, fundamentally altering Washington's role.

Washington already is facing its first encounter with Gramm-Rudman. At the insistence of the Democratic leadership, which apparently would not mind seeing the process discredited, the bill requires cuts even for the current (1986) fiscal year. As a result, Gramm-Rudman's automatic deficit-reduction formula has taken over, making the Capitol's first experience with the measure chaotic and painful.

This need not be true for subsequent years. Before fiscal 1987 begins this October, President Reagan will have ample opportunity to wage a battle for budget cuts on his own terms. With Gramm-Rudman, 1986 could be for federal spending what 1981 was for taxes—a watershed year in which Ronald Reagan educates the American public and wins its backing for a victory over Washington's vast army of special interests. Reagan can achieve this by standing firm and welcoming budget showdowns with Congress. With a carefully honed and consistent strategy of vetoes, he need accept neither tax hikes, damaging defense cuts, nor mindless across-the-board spending reductions. If he is willing to dare Congress and the special interests to "make my day," he can prevail.

Friedman's Law

To a certain extent, this has already been his strategy. His repeated promise to veto any tax increase is based in part on Milton Friedman's axiom: "Government spends what government receives plus as much more as it can get away with." By refusing nominal "revenue enhancement" (for it is not clear that a tax increase would actually raise revenues), Reagan has curbed Congress's appetite somewhat. He needs to continue his absolute resistance to tax increases; he needs as well to point out more clearly that the deficit is the result of spending growth. In the past five years revenues have risen 31 per cent, but spending has risen more. Nor are current tax rates low, historically.

Gramm-Rudman will allow Reagan to enhance this basic strategy. It will demonstrate to the public that keeping federal activities at their current level can only come at the cost of higher taxes or impaired national defense. The more President Reagan vetoes congressional spending measures during the Gramm-Rudman debate, the more the public will understand the necessity of making tradeoffs to reduce the deficit. Once the country and Congress are placed in a position of considering not *whether* to cut but *what* to cut, the true merits and demerits of certain federal programs will become much clearer. Making tradeoffs is a learning process; what the American people may learn is just how badly Congress has been spending their money.

Gramm-Rudman's automatic reductions kick in only if the federal deficit exceeds the Gramm-Rudman ceiling—$144 billion in fiscal 1987, which begins next October 1—and only for those amounts over the ceiling. These automatic cuts give Gramm-Rudman its teeth and inflict the most pain, for they are imposed across the board on all federal programs, regardless of merit. A few programs are exempted, such as Social Security, interest on the federal debt, Aid to Families with Dependent Children, and food stamps. Still, there is no question that massive, mindless across-the-board cuts of this kind can cripple legitimate and valuable federal activities. This threatened hardship, however, should provide the incentive for both Congress and the White House to focus on truly wasteful programs.

The obvious counterattack, for those whose interests require that the whole deficit-cutting attempt be discredited, is the "Washington Monument Ploy." They will propose, as the only budget cuts possible, such assuredly unpopular measures as closing the Washington Monument to tourists, closing Yellow-

*In February a federal court ruled that using the comptroller general to invoke across-the-board cuts was unconstitutional. But even if the Supreme Court concurs, Gramm-Rudman contains a fallback measure whereby automatic cuts could be triggered by a joint resolution of Congress.

Mr. Butler is Director of Domestic Policy Studies and Mr. Pines is Vice President and Director of Research at the Heritage Foundation, Washington, D.C.

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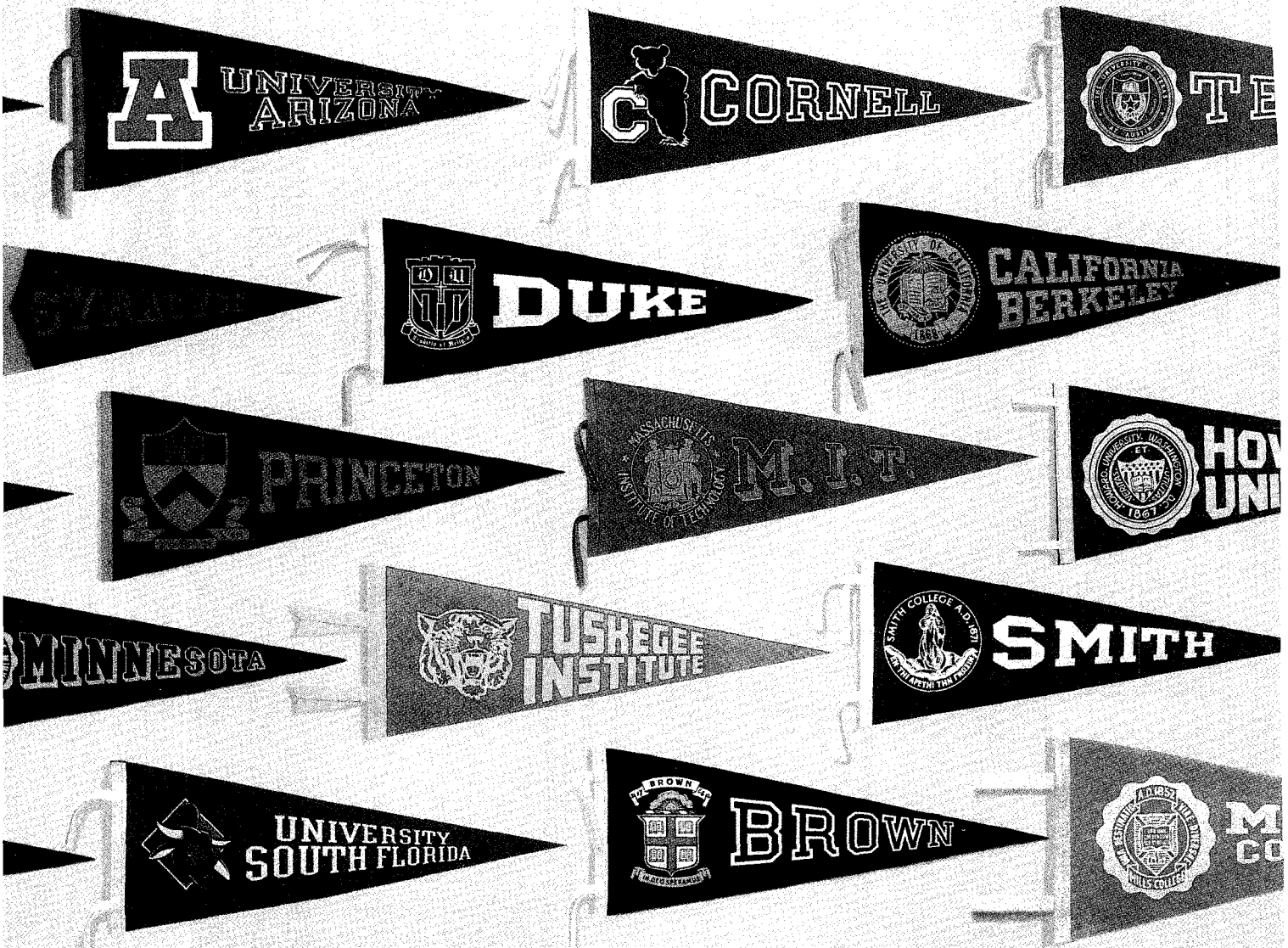

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HEE HEE
HAW HAW
HEH HAR!
HA
Yuck yuck
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HOO HOO
HEE HEE
HAW!
Hee! What charisma!
HAHAHAHAHAH!

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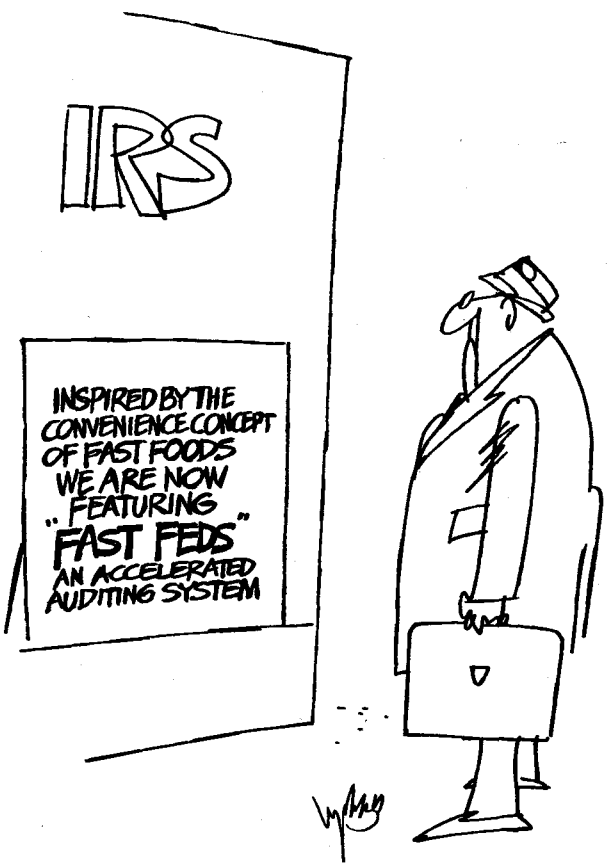

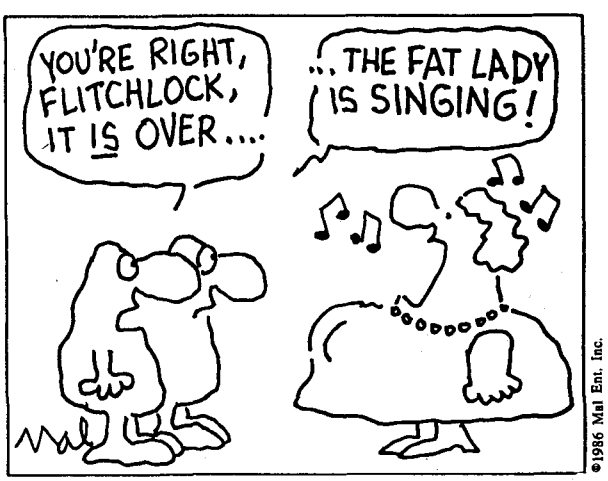

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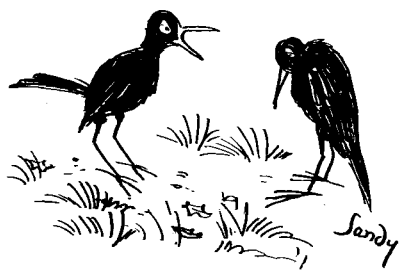

"Of course you've got crow's feet, Mother! You're a crow!"

SECRETARY-GENERAL-IN-TRAINING

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Very early in his 15-year reign, Baby Doc had aroused hope that he was at least aware of Haiti's gravest problem. He encouraged a team of Israeli agronomists to come and advise him on how to feed Haiti's six million hungry mouths. One of these experts looked at the deep loam of the Léogane plain planted entirely with useless sugar cane, and remarked that if it could be converted to *légumes* it could easily feed the whole population. The happy-go-lucky playboy seemed impressed; but soon he was ordering a second yacht and going back to his habit of driving at breakneck speed through crowded slums scattering dollar bills from suitcases.

The five-man junta to which Baby Doc handed over control of Haiti at 3:46 A.M. on February 7 was headed by the army's commander, Lieutenant General Henri Namphy. Three other ex-Duvalierists, Colonels Max Valles and William Regala, and Alix Cinéas, the Minister of Public Works, were joined by Gérard Gourgue, a founding member of the anti-Duvalier Haitian League of Human Rights. A complaint that the new ruling committee was predominantly old guard made sense morally. But after 29 years, there were virtually no civil servants or officers in Haiti who had not at one time or another accepted the dynasty's favors. Given that, and the primary need to prevent civil war by promptly disarming the Macoutes, the five men were at first accepted as caretakers. It was expected that they would take action promptly to set a date for the election and to bring Duvalier's criminals to justice.

They did neither. The first sticky moment came the following week, when the junta let Colonel Albert Pierre (*Ti Boulé*—Little Fireball, the chief of the palace's secret police) fly to Brazil. It was explained that the right of asylum was involved since the notorious "interrogator" of political prisoners had taken refuge in the Brazilian Embassy and been granted a visa by Brazil. Another primary villain, Luc Désir of the Macoutes, was taken into custody by the army only after Air France discovered his name on a passenger list and refused to take him aboard. In the wake of these incidents Gérard Gourgue, the Minister of Justice, was only able to announce that Désir and others of his ilk—like Madame Max Adolphe, who had headed the Macoutes for almost twenty years—would be promptly brought to trial. Gourgue also announced that the government had requested that Brazil extradite Colonel Pierre, and that France extradite the former president. When none of these promises was fulfilled, Gourgue resigned in protest. The following day General Namphy replaced the three principal former Duvalierists in the junta, promising (once more) quick reforms to meet the demands of the demonstrating crowds.

On the positive side, what has the new regime accomplished, and what can it accomplish? Except for the sporadic lynching of Macoutes, it has created a semblance of order. It has received promises of massive AID funds and loans from other friendly nations. The attitude of most Haitians was: Give them time, but not too much time. The slogan spray-painted on every patriot's windshield—CHAK 4 ANS!—makes the public's number-one aspiration clear. But it is not clear how soon meaningful elections to a four-year term can be held. The machinery for voting doesn't exist. None of the rudimentary political parties has yet advanced candidates officially. Gourgue's resignation has given him nationwide prestige. Among the educated minority, the able and statesmanlike Marc Bazin, currently with the World Bank, is mentioned most frequently. Sylvio Claude, of the Christian Democratic Party, is a hero who refused to flee the country despite his harassment by Baby Doc. Hubert de Ronceray, who was publicly ejected from a Duvalier cabinet several years ago—while he was in New York—is eager to run. Former President Magloire returned to Haiti March 4. When Daniel Fignolé, one of the candidates Papa Doc defeated in 1957, arrived a few days later, his followers staged a demonstration in front of the palace demanding that he be installed as president immediately.

If the exiles come back in large numbers they will surely have candidates of their own. But one thing was clear to everyone. After 29 years of oppression, the heady tonic of freedom was not to be denied. If General Namphy truly wishes to hand over power peacefully to civilian rule he will have to set a firm date for elections soon. Also, he must quickly take steps to provide jobs. If Haiti's high level of unemployment is not quickly lowered, demonstrations could become a way of life.

So much for the short term. In the long view, are Haiti's problems soluble at all? Presidential candidate Louis Déjoie didn't think so after his defeat in the last Haitian election (1957), when he told me that nothing short of transporting several million Haitians to a "new home" in the Amazon jungle or the Sahara desert "will have any effect on the skyrocketing birth rate, which will always exceed any conceivable economic gains."

Most intelligent analysts suggest solutions less apocalyptic. But there is a reason why no reforms in the past have amounted to anything. Every Haitian government I have observed in my fifty years' residence in the country was swept into power or overthrown in accordance with its allegiance to one racial caste or the other. The pattern was established in the bloody racial confrontations between blacks and mulattoes during the revolutionary period (1791 to 1804). The assassination of the Emperor Dessalines ("*Moi seul, je suis noble!*") in 1806 by a cabal of French-educated mulattoes who ruled Haiti (as Presidents-for-Life) for the next 37 years was only the first in a series of violent retributions that continued down to the early Sixties when François Duvalier massacred his mulatto enemies in Jeremie.

If the debilitating demon of racial politics could be somehow cast out in the post-Duvalier period, there is no doubt in my mind that Haiti could leap forward economically. By rights it should be among the most prosperous of Caribbean nations. Its geography, history, music, and native art and culture should make it a wonderful tourist area. And the country's proximity to the world's most prosperous nation, the availability of cheap labor, and the favorable trade terms given to Caribbean nations by the United States make Haiti a logical place for American business to set up production facilities. Provided, of course, that the new Haitian government can demonstrate that stability will be maintained. And provided that malignant outside forces—like the ugly racism that François Duvalier encountered in Ann Arbor—do not reverse the overwhelmingly pro-American sentiments of the Haitian people. □

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was carried about town on a pole by a singing, jubilant parade that could celebrate Mardi Gras at last.

The scene exactly duplicated one outside Cap-Français (now Cap-Haïtien) during the slave insurrection of 1791, with one difference: the decapitated victim 195 years ago was a white man—a hated French slavemaster. But it should be added that the pursuit of the ex-torturers all over Haiti in 1986 was selective. Only the secret police and Macoutes were victims. And looting, however loosely described in the press abroad, was strictly confined to properties owned by the Bennett and Duvalier families.

MY ONLY ENCOUNTER with the elder Duvalier ("Papa Doc") took place on the porch of my rented home in Bizoton in 1954. I had heard of him for the first time two weeks before during a trip to Hinche in my Jeep with John Hersey and a young Haitian intellectual, Robert Théard, who assured us that his friend, this obscure country doctor, would be the next Haitian president. "If you're that sure," I said, "bring him to my house and I'll photograph him for my new book." (*Haiti: The Black Republic* went to press that fall, and it included in the first of its six editions that photograph of the elder Duvalier talking to Robert Théard. What happened to Théard when his friend came to power is most frightening, but too long a story to include here.) What struck me most forcefully about François Duvalier that afternoon in Bizoton was his virulent anti-Americanism, a sentiment most un-Haitian, which he had acquired quite understandably while studying medicine, and American bigotry, at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor.

Three years later (1957) Papa Doc came to power in the political vacuum that followed the exit of President Paul E. Magloire in 1956. A black general, Magloire had been unique among Haitian chief executives for treating blacks and mulattoes impartially; but he had acquiesced in an unprecedented family pilfering of government funds. In the election of 1957 there were four candidates. Daniel Fignolé was a demagogue of the Left with no following except among the "proletariat" of the capital. Clément Jumelle, who had served in Magloire's cabinet, was a black aristocrat from St.-Marc with many mulatto friends. Louis Déjoie, a genial businessman, was the mulattoes' standard-bearer, though not without a following among the peasants. The fourth candidate, François Duvalier, with somewhat reluctant backing from the American Embassy, won by a narrow margin.

Papa Doc's program—if it can be called such—was from the outset anti-mulatto and anti-white. To the extent that he could, he installed blacks in all departments of the government and in the officers' cadre of the army. He insisted that his henchmen determine policy in the Point 4 program (inaugurated under President Truman, this program had already made Haiti self-sufficient in rice, and it was now moving into the canning of tomatoes and other fruits for export). As an ethnologist, Duvalier was close to the *houngans* of *vaudou* and favored this cult so much in its rivalry with the then reactionary Catholic hierarchy that it was rumored he had become a *houngan* himself. To guard against an army coup, the new president beefed up his Palace Guard, moved all weapons into the Caserne Dessalines, which adjoins the palace, and set up a rival paramilitary group, the VSN, or Tontons Macoutes.

President Kennedy, as soon as he came into office in 1961, took drastic steps to get rid of Papa Doc. He closed down Point 4. He discouraged tourism, which under Magloire—and Estimé before him—had become Haiti's major "industry" in terms of dollar earnings and prestige abroad. Kennedy also gave quiet support to anti-Duvalierist exiles in the United States who mounted several "invasions" and attempts to assassinate Papa Doc. He also backed an abortive conspiracy on the part of the inept Juan Bosch to move across the Dominican border and topple the black dictator—an invasion that failed as ignominiously as the others.

To counter these various American moves, Papa Doc, paranoid to begin with, became almost maniacal in his determination to consolidate his rule. He held rigged plebiscites that gave him 99.8 per cent support. He had the dummy legislature proclaim him President-for-Life. He made tax collectors of the feared Macoutes, and ordered them to dispose of his enemies, real or imagined, with arson, murder, and torture. But this frenetic behavior took its toll. As he became increasingly feeble, François Duvalier "passed the power" to his plump young son, Jean-Claude, already derisively nicknamed by his schoolmates "Basket Head."

The younger Duvalier, who was 19 years old in 1971, when his father died, started promisingly. The Macoutes, though they weren't disbanded, took off their sunglasses and pistol holsters. The economy revived a bit. Tourism, down to twenty thousand visitors annually under Duvalier *père*, mounted to more than 200,000 in 1973. That year 12,000 new jobs were created in the so-called "transformation industries": the manufacture, using American raw materials and expertise, of baseballs, brassieres, light switches, screwdrivers, and toupees. The market for quick Haitian divorces was brisk. Unrest, if there was any, was visible only in the increased traffic of starving people from northwestern Haiti to Miami. The brutal treatment accorded these unfortunates in Florida, where they were segregated in concentration camps, deflected criticism from Port-au-Prince to Washington.

The turning point came, perhaps, in 1980, when Jean-Claude married the mulatto gay divorcée Michèle Bennett, in a ceremony costing millions. It was a marriage that Papa Doc, who hated the mulatto elite, would never have permitted. Michèle at first tried to soften the public outrage over that wedding splurge. She made generous gifts and acquired an art collection of slick native *pompiers*. Hospitals and other charitable institutions were set up in her name. But it soon became apparent that far from moderating her husband's already expensive taste for motorcycles and custom-built racing cars, she was encouraging stupendous indulgences: a yacht as big as a small ocean liner, luxury estates in France and the United States, and Swiss bank accounts that already signaled fears for what was to come. Her insatiably greedy family, the Bennetts, moved from car agencies and gas pumps to supermarkets and art galleries. Designer gowns from Paris, jewels, and furs galore began to make Michèle notorious even in France as a compulsive spender. As recently as this January, *Paris-Match* published an illustrated account of her latest buying spree—which gleeful anti-Duvalierists were quick to circulate.

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room on the shoulder of the highway to slip by. But at a second barricade a few miles further on, I wasn't so lucky. A huge crowd armed with machetes, clubs, and torches closed in on us, and several stalwarts grabbed our fenders and made as if to overturn the car. I called the leader to the window and addressed him in Creole: "Wait! We're American residents, *mon cher*, taking these other Americans to the airport. Can you get us through?" He beamed. "Americans? But of course. No problem. Follow me." And we did, down the embankment, through a village street, and back onto the highway past the flames. We drove on, but in Léogane itself a barricade had been built, stoked this time not only with dry palm fronds but with old furniture and rubber tires. The flames rose twenty feet in the air and no detour was visible. I got out and talked to the keeper of the flames. "You'll get through, but you'll have to wait with those 'tap-taps' over there" —pointing to a row of the jitney buses and trucks that are the peasants' only means of transportation save *bouriques* and Shanks' mare. I pulled over but my companions had had enough. They voted to return. Overruled, I reversed the car and headed back across the mountains to Jacmel.

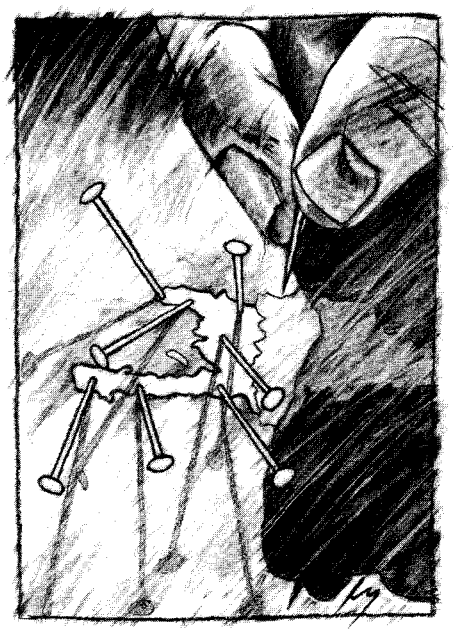
In Jacmel things were jumping. That gunfire we had heard the night before had been warning shots to head off students from the six local schools who had already burned down the François Duvalier School and were heading for La Jacmélienne, the luxury hotel that had been ordered to entertain the President and his wife November 29. The army commandant, Colonel Jean Colin, whom I had introduced to tennis and who had performed at our home one night last winter the solo part of Mozart's Clarinet Quintet with as much brilliance as Benny Goodman, was not only in control but had become something of a local hero by preventing bloodshed. We played tennis the afternoon following the riot, and I listened as he called the ballboys and their friends around him and gave them some fatherly advice: "Look. I have sons of my own. I wouldn't want to see them killed. And I wouldn't want to see you or any other of the students in Jacmel killed or injured. Demonstrate if you like, but no more violence or arson. My soldiers have orders to lay about them with their *macaques*. But not to shoot unless you and your friends ignore my advice."

"We agree, *mon colonel*! No violence!"

But violence was erupting everywhere else in Haiti—in Les Cayes, fifty miles west; in Léogane, of course; in Cap-Haïtien, "where every Haitian revolution starts"; naturally in Gonaïves and the volatile capital; and even in Marigot, a sleepy village ten miles east of Jacmel, where the army had lost control to the blue-shirted VSN, who panicked, killing two demonstrators. The students retaliated by burning down the Town Hall, where the Macoutes had their headquarters. All of the property deeds and tax records went up in smoke, to the delight of the overtaxed (and of course mainly propertyless) citizens.

An official report from Washington —that Baby Doc had fled—fueled these demonstrations. But 24 hours later the report was denied. I asked Colonel Colin what he thought about that one. "Your intelligence people always get things wrong, it seems." But on February 3 there was a new rumor (perhaps exonerating the presidential press officer in Washington): that the false rumor had been deliberately "floated" to give Baby Doc's wavering resolve a boost. Everyone knew that if he hung on over the coming weekend and Mardi Gras was celebrated with its usual pandemonium of masked revelers in the streets, there'd be a bloodbath.

Duvalier had already proclaimed a state of siege and given orders to his "public" soldiers (the army) to shoot troublemakers. He gave the same order to his "private" soldiers (the Macoutes). If the army refused to shoot, as expected, there'd still be a bloodbath because the armed regulars and the Macoutes would be confronting each other for control. Additional fuel was added to the tinder when the students, ordered to return to school, refused; the doctors, avoiding their offices or hospitals, joined the strike; and the association of businessmen shuttered their shops and factories and were refusing the government's demand that they re-open them. The taxi drivers, tap-taps, and gas-pump attendants were expected to join the strike any moment. Only one event could defuse this explosive situation: the exit of the *Président-à-Vie* and his replacement by a military-civilian junta. (The composition of such a junta, it turned out later, had already been determined.)



The American ambassador, Clayton E. McManaway Jr., was observed shuttling in and out of the palace February 6, bringing, as became clear, the message that an Air Force C-141 Starlifter had been dispatched to Haiti to fly the Duvaliers to France the following day. Duvalier's position was deteriorating quickly enough that had he not gone he might have been lynched. Early in the morning of the 7th the *Président-à-Vie* did board that plane, though keeping U.S. officials and the new junta waiting at the François Duvalier Airport† for two hours while he and his wife, Michèle Bennett, threw a "farewell" champagne party at the palace. If a guest list survives, it will keep the bounty-hunters busy for months. As it was, the assault on the hated Macoutes began immediately. Only in Jacmel were they disarmed and their blue headquarters building padlocked without a shot being fired. In Port-au-Prince those who could be identified were pursued through the streets and beaten to death. In boiling Léogane the chief Macoute, who had been torturing and murdering his enemies for two decades, was cornered by a mob. His back was stripped, and everyone with a grievance was invited to take a whack. Then his eyes were gouged out, he was decapitated with one swing of a machete, and his head

†Renamed later that day, while every monument and street sign referring to the hated family throughout the Republic was demolished.

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EXORCISING HAITI

IT BEGAN the day my wife and I flew back to Haiti for our usual four months in Jacmel. A lovely hill town overlooking the Caribbean, Jacmel is renowned for its iron-balconied homes, its uninhibited Mardi Gras in the streets, its inventive artists; and for the gentleness and affectionate nature of its people. But few living in Jacmel were unaware of the banked fires of resentment that had been heating up there and all over Haiti.

True, the coals had taken a long time to burst into flame; the elder Duvalier had established his tyranny in 1957. But on this day, November 26, 29 years later, the smoldering embers could no longer be contained. The place was Gonaïves, the largest city in the arid northwest corner of Haiti, where undernourished Haitians actually starve to death, the embarkation point for the boat people who, since 1980, had been trying so desperately to make it to Miami in their pathetic, fragile craft—the place, too, where Jean-Jacques Dessalines proclaimed Haiti's independence in 1804, ripping the white stripe out of the Tricolor of the hated French slavemasters whom Napoleon himself had just failed to bring back to power.

On November 26 a peaceful demonstration for food took place in Gonaïves. Students in the local schools participated and threatened not to return to classes until the government in Port-au-Prince released some of the sacks that CARE, AID, and other American agencies had flown in. The food didn't arrive, and the demonstrations continued. On the 29th the VSN (Volontaires de la Sécurité Nationale, better known as Tontons Macoutes) beat the most active of the demonstrators and fired their pistols in the air. But when they chased three of the students into a house and killed them there, that was too much. Overnight Gonaïves became a symbol of independence again—but from now on, of independence from 29 years of oppression under the Duvaliers, father and son. All over Haiti, encouraged by the Catholic priests who had become militants for human rights since the visit to Haiti of Pope John Paul II in 1983, demonstrations took place honoring the three martyrs of Gonaïves. At the one in Jacmel, I picked up a mimeographed flier in Creole:

OBJECTIVES

1. Solidarity with the people of Gonaïves.

2. We demand judgment of the criminals there.

3. We reclaim justice—for the Poor.

4. We demand that those in power stop treating people like animals, suppressing their rights.

5. Long live a Free Press, and the Army!

6. Away with the "new" Constitution!*

No Communist had had a hand in framing these six slogans, for the Communists were already proclaiming that the United States alone was responsible for the crimes of the Duvaliers.

Despite the propaganda, it was not long before we were to experience personally the true nature of Haitian feelings for Americans. On January 31, I had been scheduled to lecture on "Haitian Art: The Next Phase" at the Haitian-American Institute in Port-au-Prince. On January 30 the lecture was canceled: "So sorry. Prohibitive danger of attracting so large a crowd in the Champs de Mars." (The presidential palace stands directly across the Champs from the institute.) My wife and I decided to drive into the capital anyway, despite shooting in the streets of Jacmel and smoke from a burning building the night before. Two young visitors to our art gallery, one of them Wendell Willkie's grandson from Minneapolis, were counting on us for a lift to the airport. We had also promised a ride to Anna, our cook; but Anna's husband, who seems to have known more than we did, at the last minute forbade her to go. The new "hot spot," it turned out, was Léogane, halfway between Jacmel and the capital. Léogane is the assembly point for the thousands of cane cutters under contract every year to cut the Dominican Republic's sugar crop. But this year word had gotten out that President Duvalier was not only deducting, "for taxes," 50 per cent of the miserable $2 a day the cutters earn, but was preparing to "take a vacation" with the loot. Not only were the justly enraged cutters' chiefs refusing to let their men be trucked to the border; they were taking measures in Léogane to see that no one broke their strike.

We knew none of this until we reached Léogane. The first flaming barricade had been erected a few miles short of the town. I found just enough

*It had reaffirmed Jean-Claude Duvalier's pretensions as President-for-Life.

Mr. Rodman's home in Jacmel, Haiti, doubles as the "Renaissance II" art gallery. He is currently organizing exhibits of Haitian art for several American cities.

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Q. Why is William Rusher's new book, *The Rise of the Right*, a *must* for your permanent library (not to mention one you'll want your kids to read)?

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It's all in this new book, and if anyone doubts how *good* it is, listen to what Barry Goldwater himself wrote to Rusher just after publication: "I read it completely last night . . . I couldn't put it down . . . I don't think there is anything in the entire book that I would disagree with or, if I did, to any great extent." *Some* praise from one of the principal characters in a story that spares no details about the many conflicts and misunderstandings—personal and political—that inevitably happened along the road to victory.

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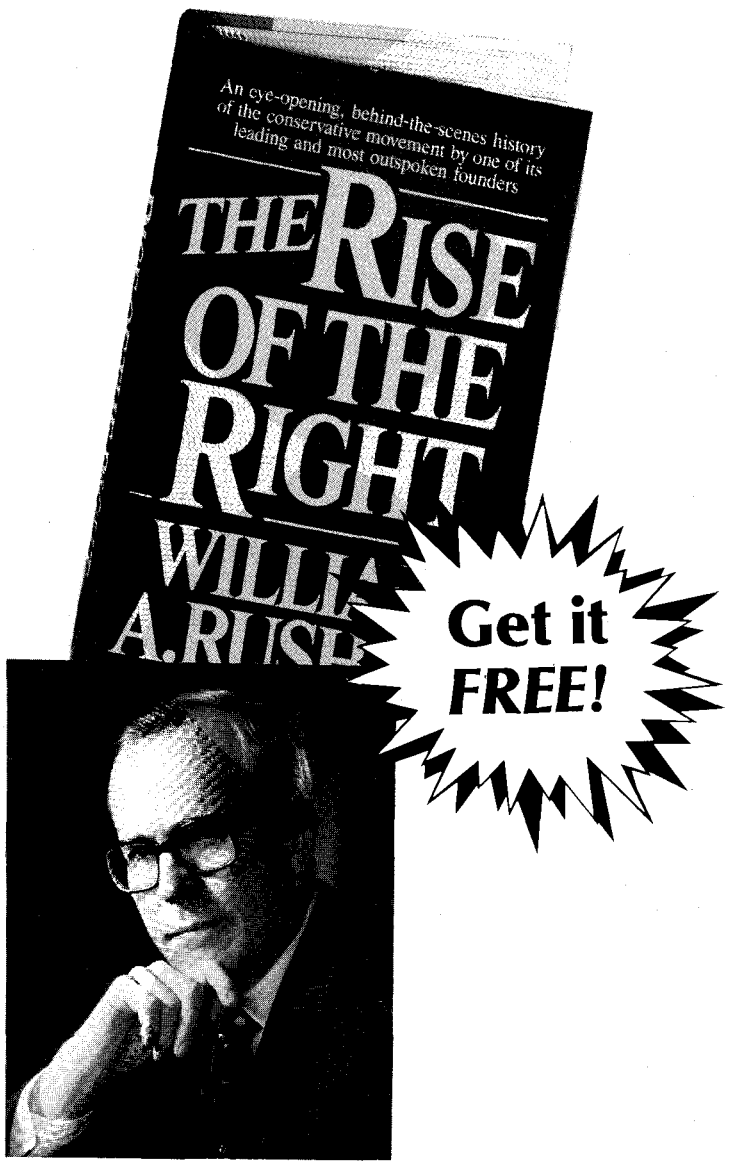
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FIDEL AND HIS MASTERS

I READ David Brooks on Latin America (*NR*, March 14) with interest and respect, and also with a measure of disagreement. In the interests of free debate and of *NR* readers, I therefore offer some comments.

Mr. Brooks made the following points, among others:

—Cuba, not the Soviet Union, is the real threat to U.S. interests in Latin America.

—Having put pressure on Fidel Castro to follow the Soviet line, the Soviets now "seem to have given Castro almost total say" over how he wants to allocate the enormous resources they make available to Cuba.

—The Soviets were initially reluctant to support Grenada's revolution.

—The U.S. can take on Cuba without worrying about the Soviet Union.

I think Mr. Brooks is probably right in his last proposition. It is over some details that I part company with him.

First, the *líder máximo* was undoubtedly a headache (or, if you prefer, a pain in some other anatomical area) for the Soviets during the early years of the Cuban revolution. He was seen as a typical sufferer of what Lenin called "left-wing Communism, an infantile disorder." He wanted instant revolution, everywhere. In this deviant behavior, he was supported by the incurable revolutionary romantic, Ernesto "Che" Guevara, and in later years by the intellectually retarded Régis Debray (who has lately been advising President Mitterrand on Third World issues).

There was, in those days, much talk of *focos* of revolution. All you needed to do was to start fighting somewhere, and the rest would follow. The hapless Che tried out his theory in the Peruvian Andes and ran into a communication problem with the local Indians, who only spoke Quechua; and, ultimately, into his own demise.

As Mr. Brooks rightly says, the Soviets cut back on crucial oil deliveries to Cuba until Castro agreed to follow the Soviet line more faithfully. Actually, there was more to it than that. I believe I was the first commentator to reveal the facts, but they were spelled out in detail by the important Cuban DGI defector Gerardo Peraza in congressional hearings in early 1982.

Yielding to Soviet pressure, Castro removed the head of the DGI, Manuel Piñeiro Losada, and replaced him with a pro-Soviet functionary, José Méndez Cominches. True, Piñeiro was not sacked, but moved sideways to head a Department of Liberation. This was a kind of consolation prize for Fidel, who had to eat humble pie in his notorious speech of August 23, 1968, endorsing the Soviet occupation of Czechoslovakia.

The quotation from a Castro speech of December 1982 that heads Mr. Brooks's article tells me more about Castro than about his true relations with the Soviet Union. The USSR, said Fidel, "has had nothing whatsoever to do with Central America. . . . The Soviets did not know even one of the present leaders of Nicaragua . . . during the period of revolutionary struggle."

It is true that the "final offensive" of the Sandinistas' insurgency against Anastasio Somoza was directed by the Cuban general Zenen Casals. But it is also true that as early as 1971, Carlos Fonseca Amador, a founding member of the Sandinistas, sent a message to the Soviet Communist Party Congress saying that "the ideals of the immortal Lenin are a guiding star in the struggle which the revolutionaries of Nicaragua are waging."

It is also true, though not widely known, that the new Sandinista government, early in 1980, secretly sent a delegation to Moscow where close party-to-party links were formally established between the Frente Sandinista and the Soviet Communist Party.

That is the way Moscow operates in such situations. Without Soviet material support, the Sandinistas could not have won in Nicaragua. And, in my view, without Soviet approval, the Cubans would not have been in on the final act. The 1962 Cuban Missile Crisis taught the Soviets that it would look bad if they started invading places like Nicaragua or El Salvador. Far more professional to let the locals do it, while giving them the tools to finish the job.

As for Grenada, there is a fascinating parallel between it and Afghanistan. In both places, insufficiently pliant "revolutionary" leaders were removed by teleguided coups to make room for unconditional puppets: Hafizullah Amin yielding to Babrak Karmal in Afghanistan, and Maurice Bishop to Bernard Coard and General Hudson Austin in Grenada. The captured Grenada documents revealed the extent of Soviet involvement in Grenadian affairs.

AND YET, Mr. Brooks does have an important point. The real issue is whether the U.S. would risk a nuclear confrontation in order to oust the Castro regime. The prevailing wisdom concerning the Missile Crisis of 1962 was that President Kennedy won a decisive victory over Khrushchev. True; and false. Khrushchev removed the missiles, which shouldn't have been there in the first place (so the Soviets were no worse off than they had been). But there was an important quid for that quo. In addition to removing U.S. missiles from Turkey, Kennedy agreed to leave Castro in peace: no more Bays of Pigs. Ever since, Fidel has been abusing this U.S. guarantee. My understanding is that the White House no longer considers itself bound by Kennedy's promise.

A Latin America without Fidel would be a more peaceful, more prosperous area. The prize is glittering, and the risk of Soviet intervention, in my view and Mr. Brooks's, is small. □

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THE 'THIRD FORCE' DOCTRINE?

THE KIRKPATRICK DOCTRINE is a dead letter. So say some White House watchers. In 1979 Jeane Kirkpatrick distinguished between "traditional authoritarian" governments and Soviet-aligned totalitarian regimes, arguing that the former are "less repressive," more susceptible to change, and better for U.S. interests. When he became President, Ronald Reagan made this doctrine an integral part of his foreign policy.

But U.S. facilitation of the exits of pro-Western dictators from the Philippines and Haiti has left the impression that the Kirkpatrick Doctrine has been supplanted. U.S. sponsorship of a recent United Nations resolution condemning Chile for human-rights abuses and political repression strengthened that impression. Also, Mr. Reagan seemed to ratify the change in a major policy statement on March 16 hailing the "global revolution" for democracy evident especially in the Western Hemisphere, and declaring that "the American people believe in human rights and oppose tyranny in whatever form, whether of the Left or of the Right."

Does the President's statement really signal a shift? "Absolutely not," says a ranking State Department official. "It reflects five years of consistent Administration policy," he avers. Through ignorance or malice, critics have misinterpreted the Kirkpatrick Doctrine to mean "stand by your strongman." Although the Administration continues to see Marxist, Soviet-aligned totalitarian regimes as the more immediate threat, it opposes *all* repressive governments.

At the White House, too, officials rushed to disavow any policy change. There is "nothing new" in Reagan's message, said National Security Advisor John Poindexter, whose NSC staff principally wrought the policy. White House Chief of Staff Don Regan says the President tried "to explain more completely our overall strategy for resisting destabilizing forces regionally": The U.S. wants aid to be extended evenhandedly to democratic forces whether fighting Left or Right totalitarians, which aid in turn will persuade the Kremlin that its policy of supporting Moscow-style "colonial agents" in Angola, Afghanistan, Cambodia, Ethiopia, and Nicaragua won't succeed.

Reagan had reportedly considered issuing the statement several months ago but waited for an advantageous moment, provided by Ferdinand Marcos and Jean-Claude Duvalier when they fled their homelands. White House officials conceded that it was also timed to coincide with the *Contra*-aid vote. Mr. Reagan hoped the statement would blunt opposition charges that the Administration followed a double standard on human rights.

EARLIER, President Reagan faulted Jimmy Carter's counterproductive and public obsession with human rights, but Mr. Reagan, it turns out, has been privately pressuring repressive Latin American governments to reform themselves and protect civil liberties. Thus in El Salvador and Guatemala he encouraged military regimes to curb human-rights abuses, open up the political process, and allow democratic elections. Before the U.S. introduced its resolution condemning Chile at the UN Human Rights Commission meeting in Geneva, the Administration had spent months quietly encouraging Pinochet to prosecute those guilty of human-rights violations, ease press restrictions, and, most importantly, allow non-Communist opposition parties to form and function. Only when these private appeals failed did the Administration go public with its complaint.

U.S. policy toward the pro-Western but repressive South African government is harder to reconcile with the new diplomatic thinking, chiefly because an acceptable democratic opposition is lacking. In early March, Chester Crocker, Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, turned up the heat on Pretoria, supporting black majority rule and characterizing soldiers of the Communist-led African National Congress (ANC) as "freedom-fighters—at least in the generic sense."

Not only does South Africa lack a non-Communist pro-democratic party and movement, but the ANC is calling for black revolt and violence. Why, then, is the Administration allowing Crocker to tighten the screws on Pretoria? An Africa expert at the anti-Shultz Heritage Foundation suggests that neither Reagan nor the State Department cares much about southern Africa, and, consequently, they are content to give Crocker a free hand. Whatever the reason, all agree that the Administration's southern-Africa policy is adrift. At this point it is not clear for whom Crocker speaks. As the architect of "constructive engagement" he is anathema to the Left, while the Right is outraged over his bias toward negotiations with the ANC and Mozambique's Marxist government and against U.S. aid for Angola's UNITA rebels.

Although the Administration denies that there has been any shift in the theoretical underpinnings of its foreign policy, some here are saying that Mr. Reagan has implicitly adopted the "third-force" doctrine recently propounded by neoconservative Charles Krauthammer. In Krauthammer's view, the United States should build and support democratic "third forces" as non-Communist alternatives to repressive regimes. Certainly, Admiral Poindexter has borrowed at least some of Krauthammer's phrases. "The real question," he says, "isn't whether you're against tyranny, it's how to encourage a truly democratic alternative." As for human rights, Mr. Reagan is quietly doing what the more exercised Mr. Carter signally failed to do—steadily bettering human rights worldwide. □

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Langdon, *Punch* / Rothco

"Our Spanish colleagues haven't quite got the hang of the EEC yet."

could still do—to combat AIDS is to persuade your friend the President to fund adequately research against the disease. In the best article I have read on the fight against AIDS, Morton Hunt says in the *Times Magazine* of March 2 that AIDS research funds, already inadequate, will probably be cut. The Harvard researchers about whom he is writing have to spend 20 per cent or more of their time trying to raise money. Why not throw your great energy and influence into an attack on this front rather than the bizarre and frightening business of tattooing and sterilizing?

I'm sorry not to have read your column on the subject but you forgot to enclose it with your note.

Sincerely,
Bob

Dear Bob:

I'm sorry the column I spoke of was inadvertently not enclosed with my letter, but you have it now, though I am no longer confident it will help to dissipate the confusion you suffer from.

We should begin by discarding your irrelevant point about research into the cure of AIDS. I can't imagine that the people who wrote laws requiring Wassermann tests, or those who wrote laws instituting the draft, were presumptively unconcerned a) to find a cure for syphilis; or b) to encourage a diplomacy that would prevent war.

Your reliance for emotional effect on the Nazi precedent is disreputable. Because the Nazis used barbed wire to separate human beings from freedom has no bearing on the use of barbed wire to separate cows from bulls. The principle of quarantine does indeed argue the case of the Greater Good, which you dismiss so contemptuously. Well, I don't: The greater good, isolating for the moment merely the homosexual community, argues in behalf of policies that reduce the toll of AIDS. If current estimates (granted social-scientific inexactitudes, but they are the best we have) are to guide us, then 30 per cent of AIDS carriers do not inhibit their practices, nor take requisite precautions; in which case enlightened social concern focuses on protecting uninfected homosexuals from nonchalant contamination by the aggressive minority. I would go so far as to call this a Gay Right. If there is a way of accomplishing this that does not require identifying the carrier, then come up with it. If you don't, then while you are at it, condemn the entire principle of quarantine.

It saddens me that we should be quarreling. I have a son and I too understand the protective instinct. But I would willingly underwrite a law that saw him tattooed, or for that matter myself and my wife, if by doing so I enhanced his immunity from a dreadful disease. I bear on my right leg the sign of a smallpox vaccine. The scar was incidental to the vaccination, but I would not have resented it if its purpose had been to document my immunity. I wish you would calm down long enough to recognize that I am making a hygienic point, not a moral one.

As ever,
Bill

☐ Memo to: The United States Post Office
New York Division
From: William F. Buckley Jr.
Re: A most awful problem you have imposed on me

On February 28, 1986, I mailed from Switzerland to my office a ninety-minute cassette accompanied by about one hundred letters. The cassette contained my answers to those hundred-odd letters.

The heavy, durable Swiss envelope (there are no envelopes heavier or more durable than heavy, durable Swiss envelopes) arrived in my office exquisitely sealed with the heavy tape I had used upon mailing it, the envelope absolutely intact, including $28 worth of stamps. But the envelope was stamped: "ARRIVED WITHOUT CONTENTS." It may have arrived without contents, but it was definitely dispatched with contents. The empty envelope has the effect of vaporizing all records of the communications I sent out, and it will take years before any partial reconstruction is possible. I have, at this moment, hurt the feelings of one hundred people to whose letters I replied, or to whom I initiated letters. I will never know who they are, and I wonder if you will exhibit an appropriate curiosity over who it was, in one of your vast shops, who amused himself/herself by slitting open the package and removing several pounds of the tissue that binds people together, in commerce, and in friendship.

—WFB

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an intermittent presence like Paul Newman or Robert Redford.

And so he became part of the American psyche, a point of permanent reference amid the uncertainties of Depression and international buildup for war, whether in tough-guy movies like *The Public Enemy* (1931), or in countless other roles, as George M. Cohan, for example, in *Yankee Doodle Dandy* (1942), his best movie, for which he won an Academy Award.

Cagney brought an important part of America to the screen, as surely as John Wayne and Jimmy Stewart and Humphrey Bogart brought other parts. Growing up in Manhattan's tough Yorkville section, he had a sharp eye for urban mannerisms and worked them in as his trademark gestures: the menacing shoulder hunch, the rapid clipped speech, the glinting eye, the half-smile, even Yiddish humor. It has been well said that in his own person Cagney brought an urban American crowd to the screen.

A good case can be made that movies flourished when they were called movies, and declined when they began to be called films. Cagney made movies.

Like his friend at Warner Brothers, Ronald Reagan, Cagney was a New Dealer during the 1930s but later became conservative, citing latter-day liberal degeneracy; he was a regular financial contributor to NATIONAL REVIEW.

He died, at 86, on Easter Sunday.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ To the Editor
The New York Times

I was appalled by William F. Buckley's piece in the *Times* this morning. It was arrogant, insensitive, and sensational. The *Times* made it worse—in effect, legitimizing Buckley's horrendous thesis—by printing it under the headline: "Crucial Steps in Combatting the AIDS Epidemic."

I will leave the medical points Buckley makes to be discussed by people better qualified than either he or I. To me, it seems that the way to deal with AIDS is through intensive research and constructive education. There has been remarkable progress in both areas. It doesn't help, of course, when a celebrated writer incites his readers to fear and hysterical political action.

My comments go to two of Mr. Buckley's recommendations: sterilization and branding. Sterilization has occasionally been proposed by brutish persons or brutish societies as a means of controlling genetic disease or other of "God's accidents." Most recently, as we know, it was state policy in Nazi Germany. Tattooing was another Nazi idea for keeping track of undesirables marked for destruction. Strong language, yes, but not too strong when one considers what Mr. Buckley is proposing: stripping away the civil rights and probably the livelihoods of—how many? one million? two million? five million?—people in order to preserve the purity of the race.

I should admit that I have a personal stake in this issue: My son is a hemophiliac, one of the groups which, Mr. Buckley says coyly, is at "special risk." He goes on to announce that some AIDS carriers will die quickly and others will live a normal lifespan. That is my understanding also. But there is another group of people who will not live out a normal lifespan: These are the people who will try to sterilize or tattoo my son or any other hemophiliac. I will see to that myself.

Sincerely yours,
Robert K. Massie
Irvington-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Dear Bob:

I find myself wondering whether you have lost your analytical marbles. The more so since the climax of your letter makes an incoherent point respecting your son. The point of my conjecture is: How do we protect such as your son from those who have AIDS but even so engage in sexual activity and give blood? The second problem may have withered away by the refinement of AIDS-detecting blood tests, but how did your son get into the act? Who threatened him?

If indeed [as you wrote in your covering letter] you like and admire me, perhaps you should suggest to yourself that a misreading of what I wrote is likelier than that I should suddenly, insouciantly have spoken against a lifetime's commitments.

I enclose a column I wrote on Friday [see "On the Right," p. 62] that touches on the same questions I wrote about in the *Times*.

As ever,
Bill

Dear Bill:

Thanks for your note.

I prefer not to think of myself as incoherent and empty of marbles. I do become incensed when Authority proposes to set aside civil rights and compassion on the grounds of a Greater Good. (And, I don't need to tell you, there are places where Authority regards people who get upset about such things as incoherent and crazy and packs them off to psychiatric hospitals.)

Two other points:

My son got into the act because he is a hemophiliac and almost all hemophiliacs carry the AIDS antibody. He is, therefore, someone you would want to sterilize and tattoo. I thought that you understood this; certainly, I believe you should have understood it before you wrote your piece.

The most helpful thing you could have done—or

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"Nicaragua is grateful, Mr. O'Neill!"

tigators, refusing all cooperation, a fact that, in itself, leads to some assumptions about the issue at hand. There was little chance for the prosecutors to penetrate the sinister connections between the Bulgarian secret police and the world of Turkish drug dealing and terrorism. But, even on the evidence now available, the judgment of history is likely to be different from that of the Italian court.

Counter-Revolution

THE PROCESS of appeal, not to mention litigation, is not yet over, but a second Dartmouth committee has now suspended ten students in connection with the attempt to dismantle anti-apartheid shanties on the Common. Whatever else now happens, the message that has been sent out is clear enough. Numerous other students during the same time frame committed the following infractions: They twice defied direct orders, spoken and in writing, from the dean of the college, and persisted in erecting the unauthorized shanties; they twice occupied the administration building and the president's office; when the college ordered the final shanty removed, they linked arms and refused to obey orders from the police and were arrested; one student was charged with resisting an officer.

This second group of students received no college penalties. David McLaughlin, Dartmouth's president, said the poor dears did not know how serious their actions had been, and dropped charges against them.

Dartmouth's message: No enemies to the Left; the Left has a blank check. Conservatives? Forget it.

Not surprisingly, counter-revolution is boiling up across the country, and two insurgent trustee candidates are given a good chance to win election to the board this spring.

Meanwhile, New Hampshire's Governor John Sununu, himself a Dartmouth trustee (ex officio), has denounced the action of the college and given unequivocal support to the ten suspended students. The governor called the suspensions an "unfair disciplinary action" and said they created the perception that Dartmouth had "caved in to a vocal, persistent, one-sided perspective." It is the governor's opinion that "Neither Dartmouth, its alumni, nor the ten students have been fairly or well served."

The students are appealing through the courts, which are expected to enjoin Dartmouth from executing sentence until the case is heard. And, in a late and surprising development, President McLaughlin has turned the internal appeal process over to a former New Hampshire governor, Walter Peterson. What this may mean is anyone's guess, but it evacuates Mr. McLaughlin from his uncomfortable proximity to ground zero.

Jimmy Cagney, R I P

ONE BY ONE the old stars leave us, and they also leave a gap that cannot be filled, because the place the movies hold in our lives has changed.

During the Thirties and Forties, when Jimmy Cagney was a major presence on the screen, Americans did not go out to "see a movie," they "went to the movies." They went regularly and in enormous numbers. During the late 1930s, and correcting for subsequent population increase, about four times as many Americans went to the movies as do today, and if you factor in frequency, the difference becomes even greater.

Furthermore, those old stars worked hard, worked continuously. The assembly-line system at the big studios could turn out a picture in a week, and it came into being to feed the almost insatiable demand for movies out across the country, in theaters grandiose—Moorish palaces, Spanish villas, Chinese pagodas, mirrored fantasy worlds—or humble, like the neighborhood DeLuxe. A star like Cagney was almost continuously present to us in one vehicle or another, not

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The Carnival's in Town

Like the Fun House when a shriek
Makes the kiddies holler, "Eeek!"
Adlai Stevenson's lost weight
Shrinking from his running-mate.
Although what the voters chose
Does seem due to decompose,
Watching Adlai climb a wall
Helps my diastolic fall.

W. H. VON DREELE

Bonior of Michigan, who, with Senator John Kerry of Massachusetts, went to Managua to conduct independent diplomacy with the Communist regime there. (Kerry later apologized, saying he'd been taken in.) Or such reliables as Congressmen George Crockett and John Conyers of Michigan, Ted Weiss of New York, and Mickey Leland of Texas.

The Democrats have a hard-core Left in Congress, and they can't shake it off, because the Left shades into what passes for the party's center: Stephen Solarz of New York, Parren Mitchell and Michael Barnes of Maryland, and of course Tip O'Neill. Conyers calling aid to the *Contras* "imperialism" isn't that far from O'Neill saying Ronald Reagan "has his heart set on . . . war in Nicaragua."

Accusing Reagan of wanting war is all in a day's work for this party (though O'Neill can moan indignantly that the Administration is "questioning [our] motives"). The "blame America first" syndrome is still operative.

The wonder is that the Republicans don't focus public attention on the Dellumses, who are potentially huge embarrassments to the Democrats, not only because they go to extremes, but because they do so without losing continuity with, or respectability in, their party. In fact the further they go, the more typical they seem.

Middle Classism

YOU'VE HEARD the warnings a hundred times: The middle class is finished and middle-class jobs are disappearing. Our children will live in a two-class society, where a few materialist yuppies rule over a teeming mass of wretched service workers. In a trenchant article in *Forbes*, William Baldwin shows that both halves of this thesis are wrong: The rich aren't getting richer in relative terms, and the middle class isn't shrinking or getting poorer. In 1984 the richest fifth of the population got 45.2 per cent of all cash income, up only slightly from 43.7 per cent in 1975. That is still 11.4 times as much as the poorest fifth, which sounds like a lot. But, as Baldwin shows, much of the disparity is an artifact of the statistics. A 45-year-old worker commonly earns much more than he did as a youth or will as a retiree, but the difference shows up as a massive inequality in the income figures. One pair of people gets married, another identical pair does not, and the statistics show two middle-class households groaning under the oppression of one rich one. When differences of this sort are corrected, the top fifth earns a more modest 5.7 times as much as the bottom fifth, and its share, in this supposed Gilded Age of Reaganism, is seen to have shrunk slightly since the mid-1970s.

What about the disappearing middle class? Baldwin reports: "If the middle class seems skinny in [Lester] Thurow's world—23.2 per cent of the population—that may have something to do with the way he defines middle class. He says it's households with 75 per cent to 125 per cent of the median income." That would make a fireman in Los Angeles upper-class and an English professor in Oregon lower-class. The income share of this narrowly defined middle class is shrinking, Thurow says, but once again the supposed trend disappears when you start adjusting for demographics, especially the entry of baby-boomers into the work force. There is no good evidence that the overall proportion of lower-paying jobs in the economy is decreasing, according to a Labor Department official. The so-called Industrial Policy looks more and more like a solution in search of a problem—and the search is getting desperate.

Pope Assassination Verdict

A ROME COURT, on a finding of insufficient evidence, has acquitted three Bulgarians and three Turks on charges that they conspired in the May 1981 attempt to assassinate Pope John Paul II. The principal flaw in the prosecution's case was the credibility of the key witness, Mehmet Ali Agca, who punctuated his testimony with spasms of apparent derangement. The $1.2 million he claimed to have been paid could not be traced, there were no records found of the supposedly rented getaway truck, and there were gaps in the route of the assassination weapon. Some (though not all) of his detailed knowledge of the Bulgarians could have been obtained from other sources. The trial also failed to explain, among other things, Agca's stay in the best Sofia hotels during July and August 1980, his false passport, and his free-spending tour of Europe prior to the assassination attempt.

Under the circumstances, the "insufficient-evidence" verdict was probably called for, and it is not at all surprising that a judicial proceeding should be unable to arrive at the firm truth in a murky affair of this kind. The Bulgarian authorities stonewalled the inves-

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probably, was just the opposite. Whether or not the *Contras* are, or can be made into, a serious fighting force was one of the issues raised in recent congressional debates over proposed U.S. aid to the Nicaraguan resistance. The border fighting has demonstrated that the *Contras* are indeed a serious resistance force, quite capable of holding their own against the Nicaraguan army if given half a chance.

The favorite rallying cry of the opponents of aid is: "Negotiations!" They argue that the United States should negotiate with the Ortega regime rather than turn to the blunt instrument of building up the *Contras*. This approach ignores the fact that the United States has already attempted on several occasions to engage the Sandinistas in negotiations. The fruit of all these efforts has been nil. The Sandinistas have not made a single concession, have not moderated or altered their political course so much as one degree, and have not ceased covert aggression against their neighbors.

Negotiations will accomplish nothing so long as the Sandinistas face no serious threat to their rule. As with Marxist-Leninists everywhere, power is the only language they understand. Congress should give the *Contras* the one victory they now most urgently need: tangible U.S. military assistance.

Gay Rage

ONE WONDERS whether there is any terminus now to gay demands or any possibility of sober discussion of the various issues surrounding the gay-rights movement.

The New York City Council has now passed legislation allegedly protecting gays from "discrimination," and Mayor Koch, as well as others supporting the measure, has argued that the law merely adds "sexual orientation" to the list of other characteristics (e.g., color, sex, age) on the basis of which employers, landlords, and so on may not discriminate.

But there is an absurdity in that argument. A black woman, for example, is obviously—visibly—a black woman. But you need not know that a person is gay unless he, or she, tells you so, or indulges in bizarre behavior that calls attention to gayness.

And that, of course, is the real meaning of the New York City bill. It does not have to do with "discrimination." Indeed, according to a recent tabulation, over a period of two years only 474 complaints of discrimination against gays were lodged with the city's Human Rights Commission, and these include such extravagances as being excluded from a homosexual bath merely on account of AIDS.

New York's gay-rights legislation is not about discrimination but about behavior, or lifestyle. It legitimates the thrusting of obviously gay behavior at the straight population, and it was pushed through by gay political power. Far from being victims, gays are now a powerful political pressure group.

Given these forays and triumphs within the culture, you might think the gays would be somewhat mollified. Not a bit of it. Two weeks ago the switchboard at *NR* lit up like the proverbial Christmas tree, but this was no Christmas. Bomb threats, threats of mayhem and building occupation, and countless obscenities burned the ears of our operator. All of this emanated from self-proclaimed gays.

What provoked it all was an Op-Ed piece by the editor-in-chief carried the previous day by the *New York Times*. After discussing the magnitude of the AIDS problem—and the magnitude is now staggering—Mr. Buckley ventilated a proposal that all Americans be tested for exposure to the AIDS virus, which makes one a potential carrier, and that those exposed be discreetly tattooed on the arm (as a warning to potential needle sharers) and on the rear end (as a warning to potential homosexual partners). Truth in labeling, in fact, which would be of most immediate benefit to junkies and gays. [See "Notes & Asides."]

The magnitude of the AIDS problem is now enormous. The gay populations of New York, San Francisco, and Houston are saturated with AIDS exposure; the incidence is now leveling off, but at a very high level. In addition, the AIDS epidemic shows signs of breaking out into the straight population through women who have had intercourse with bisexual men who are AIDS carriers. These women may then be able to transmit the disease to heterosexual men. We must hope that medical advances will come to the rescue, but we must plan on the assumption that they will not.

Let Dellums Be Dellums

DEMOCRATS are falling all over themselves to repudiate Lyndon LaRouche, two of whose disciples won victories in statewide Illinois primaries last month. Adlai Stevenson III (how many more do we have to put up with, by the way?) has resigned the Democratic gubernatorial race rather than run on the same ticket with a pair of LaRoucheans. Everyone is characterizing LaRouche's followers as a bunch of right-wing nuts, downplaying the fact that they were until fairly recently a bunch of left-wing nuts.

It's easy for the Democrats to dissociate themselves from LaRouche, who has no organic relation to the regular Democratic Party (perhaps to his credit). What's harder for them is to repudiate extreme elements within the party, some of whom are the equivalent of the fellow-travelers of yesteryear.

Consider, for example, Congressman Ronald Dellums of California—a member of the Soviet-fronting U.S. Peace Council, and a close pal of the late Communist regime in Grenada. Or Congressman David

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flecks of gold, sold only by the quart, $8,000. Meryl Streep says she'd like to get into the ring with Sylvester Stallone. That concludes our cultural report for the month.

☐ MINCING NO WORDS DEPT.: Flora Lewis in the *New York Times*: "There are many forms of violence in the world. I consider all of them deplorable."

☐ If Clint doesn't win, somebody's going to die.

The Samson Syndrome

Senator Packwood, with motives so pure
Snow White would chew on his apple for sure,
Silenced municipal trading as if
Brokers and buyers had marched off a cliff.
Should he continue to say they're unfair,
Somebody'd better start shearing his hair.

W. H. VON DREELE

Line of Death

COLONEL QADDAFI'S trumpeted "line of death" in the Gulf of Sidra proved to be such only for his own soldiers and sailors who, in the last week of March, died by the dozens defending the madman's mad claims to international waters. The latest U.S. naval operation in the Gulf of Sidra ought to have been as routine as the seven other passages into the gulf that the Navy has made since 1981. There should, after all, be nothing exceptional or newsworthy about U.S. carrier task forces traversing international waters in the Mediterranean. Attempts by the Soviets, the Libyans, other Arab states, and some Western media outlets to portray the U.S. crossing as "provocative" are both silly and outrageous. The only provocation in the whole affair was Qaddafi's order to fire Soviet-supplied SAM-5 missiles in the direction of the U.S. task force. That order turned a routine U.S. naval operation into an international conflict, which, thank God and the military-industrial complex, resulted in casualties on one side only.

It is imperative that the United States continue to conduct occasional, routine naval operations in the Gulf of Sidra. Even the Arab states and the Soviets, their hypocritical denunciations notwithstanding, do not recognize Qaddafi's claims to the gulf. The United States must make the point again and again that these waters are international and that Libyan attempts to assert otherwise will be dealt with by force. Modern electronic warfare and judicious use of standoff attack tactics should assure that no U.S. casualties occur in these waters even if Qaddafi decides to sacrifice yet more of his forces the next time around.

Qaddafi's only serious threat of retaliation lies in terrorism. He has called on his fellow Arabs to join him in conducting terrorist warfare against U.S. embassies and interests around the world. Walid Jumblat, the leader of the Druse in Lebanon, has responded by offering "suicide squads" to assist Qaddafi in conducting terrorist attacks.

These threats may be only bluff and bluster. Qaddafi, like most bullies, is at heart a coward. But he is also a madman who has attained a certain measure of credibility when it comes to uttering terrorist threats. (Whether he was responsible for the bomb placed in the TWA flight between Rome and Athens was not certain as we went to press.) This modern Barbary pirate should be put on notice that the United States will respond to any terrorist attacks against its properties or citizens with direct attacks against the central pillars of Qaddafi's rule: his military forces, his police forces, his governmental headquarters, his communications facilities, and his economic assets. The United States should also let Qaddafi know that it will respond with force even if the evidence implicating Libya is not firm—on the grounds that the colonel has done more than any other man alive to foster the poisonous climate of international terrorism. And Qaddafi should also be informed in the plainest of language that his own life will be the highest-priority military target in the event a single American perishes through terrorism anywhere in the world.

Contra Victory

THE REAL SIGNIFICANCE of the recent fighting on the Honduran-Nicaraguan border between Sandinista troops and *Contra* forces has been largely obscured by the national media. The media have concentrated their reporting so much on Honduras's response to the Nicaraguan incursion and on the U.S. helicopter airlift that brought Honduran forces to the border that they have virtually overlooked the most newsworthy story of all: The *Contras* won the battle.

In a nutshell, this is what happened: Nicaragua dispatched two battalions of its regular forces (somewhere between eight hundred and 1,500 men) into Honduras to attack *Contra* training camps and staging points located just across the border. Much to their surprise, the Sandinista troops encountered heavy resistance from *Contra* forces that were better trained, better equipped, and much more highly motivated than the Sandinistas had expected. The invaders were sent packing, with heavy losses. As far as Ortega's claim that three hundred *Contras* were killed, compared to only forty Sandinista troops, it should be given as much credence as his claim that human rights are flourishing in Nicaragua. The ratio of casualties, very

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

SOME CONSERVATIVES on Capitol Hill are raging mad at what they say is the ineptitude (if not cravenness) of the U.S. Ambassador to Honduras, Foreign Service careerist John Ferch, who, they say, failed to support the Reagan doctrine of rendering aid to indigenous forces fighting to preserve their freedom against aggressors. The case in point is the Sandinistas' violation of the Honduran border by no fewer than two battalions during the week of March 23, penetrating nine to 16 miles into Honduran territory in an effort to strike the main base camps of the *Contras*. The Sandinistas also struck further north, along the Atlantic coast: They launched a bombing raid against two villages of Miskito Indians, obliterating the villages. In the face of all this, the U.S. ambassador remained mute. "Ferch is an untried lightweight," declared a senior staffer on the Senate Foreign Relations panel.

Actually, this is a bum rap for Ferch, who earlier performed ably as chief of mission in Havana, where he took no guff from Fidel. As it turns out, the ambassador was sick with the flu when the incursion occurred, which explains his personal inactivity. But he did empower the deputy chief of mission, Shepard Lowman, to respond, which provided the basis of public reports that the Reagan Administration had to play hardball with the Hondurans to persuade them a) to concede that a border penetration had indeed occurred, and b) to solicit U.S. aid to repel the attack.

U.S. diplomats told Honduran President José Azcona that if he didn't phone Washington for help, he could kiss American economic and military aid good-bye. So he made the call, and President Reagan instantly authorized $20 million in aid. There had been another sizable border penetration in January, with some nine hundred Nicaraguans entering Honduras and getting out safely within a week. "The Hondurans knew it, the U.S. knew it, but the press didn't hear about it, so the Sandinistas got away with it," says a key State Department official. "We wanted the Hondurans to publicize this one."

Actually, three different incursions took place simultaneously during that last week in March. The central penetration was directed at the chief *Contra* base camp and involved eight hundred Nicaraguan soldiers. A second invasion took place about 12 miles to the south, near Yamales, with seven hundred soldiers, and the third about 12 miles to the north of the central salient, at San Andreas de Bocay, with five hundred soldiers. Sandinista prisoners taken in the attack claimed that four thousand troops participated in the three incursions, but U.S. intelligence believes the figure had been spuriously doubled by Sandinista officers in an effort to heighten the flagging morale of their troops.

To further complicate matters, Sandinista leader Daniel Ortega had the shrewd sense to phone Azcona before the incursions, in an effort to blunt his concern by advance notice. Of course, Ortega lied about the scale of the breaches; when Azcona found this out, it did much to screw his courage to the sticking place. Azcona also hesitated because he doubted whether the U.S. would, in fact, come through. After all, the House had turned down *Contra* aid the week before.

Many journalists and politicians here believe that in these aggressions Ortega's strategy was singularly gauche, but Reagan policymakers think otherwise: The Nicaraguan leader had little choice and, from a strategic point of view, played his cards right. "Ortega is no fool," says a Security Council insider. "He knows that Reagan will win the April 15 *Contra*-aid vote in the House, and this is a kind of last-ditch effort to take out his enemies with a sucker punch." Washington intelligence sources believe that Ortega has felt since December that the *Contra*-aid package would make it through the House by the first of May. So his objective was to delay it in Congress for as long as he could, thus enabling his forces to use the dry season to weaken the *Contras* as much as possible.

—CATO

☐ This one is hot. We have it on the authority of the *Washington Times* that White House speechwriter Dana Rohrabacher, on a trip to the Soviet Union, found that his Adam Smith ties were missing from his luggage. Now, as most *NR* readers know, Adam Smith ties are something of a symbol of free-market economics within the Administration. Mr. Rohrabacher was furious at his loss, and shouted at the blank walls, "All right, you Bolshevik [deleteds], one of you stole my neckties." Good ties are, indeed, one of those coveted commodities unavailable in Moscow, and so are worth a ton. Curiously, Rohrabacher's were returned minutes after his speech to the wall.

☐ Qaddafi says we'd better watch out—"Next time we'll shoot back." If there is a next time, he's lunch meat.

☐ Uh-oh. "Several" mergers are reported among long-distance telephone companies, the largest being between GTE Sprint and U.S. Telecom. A merger here, a merger there, and pretty soon the Bell System is back in working order.

☐ Police in Dallas infiltrated a gambling party, put a few bucks of their own down, and then, when all bets had been placed, confiscated the proceeds—about $12,000. Sure-fire way to beat the spread.

☐ Brown University is worried about its "image" since the discovery of a co-ed prostitution ring on campus. Pish and tush. The ladies should be commended for learning so quickly, and the university for teaching, the spirit of the times. Not long ago there were some shacks on the Common up at Dartmouth that could be employed for these advanced purposes.

☐ "We Are the World," which is purported to be music, won four Grammy awards. For advanced yuppies, there is now L'Air d'Or, a perfume containing

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poet, whose most famous work is "I Never Saw Managua When Miniskirts Were in Fashion."

☐ Four years ago, yellow rain—the stuff that is supposed to be pollen, or bee excrement, or anything at all except Communist chemical warfare—struck a new country. But this time, the residue of it was taken and submitted to extensive analysis by a team of Canadian Defense Ministry scientists, whose report is due out this month. In 1982, a small plane flew over a village in southeastern Thailand, leaving a yellow cloud in its wake. Two-thirds of the inhabitants sickened, though they did not hemorrhage to death as Cambodian and Laotian victims of yellow rain have done (too light a dose, apparently). What the Canadians found were rare chemical compounds that do not occur in nature; no signs of the chemical, or the illness, appeared in control areas. So much for Killer Flowers. And hats off to William Kucewicz, of the *Wall Street Journal*, for staying on top of this grave and complex story.

☐ The Soviets will soon be invading the U.S. with their latest entry in the auto market, the Lada. Possible advertising slogans making the rounds on Madison Avenue include: "Designed for a life of hard labor." "Even hotter (not to mention better built) than our Russian women." And, stealing a page from that capitalist exploiter Henry Ford, "Choose from this exciting color—black."

☐ Liberals have a response to that Sandinista foray into Honduras: that *we* are pushing Honduras into war ("Drawing a Reluctant Ally into a Difficult Conflict" was how a *New York Times* headline writer put it). And to the extent that Washington is inclined to help the *Contras*—whose bases are in Honduras, and whose attacks are launched across its border—there is a grain of truth to it. Just as it is partly true to say of Churchill that he drove Norway into World War II (by planning a pre-emptive invasion of it before the Germans invaded). Or Yugoslavia (where a pro-British coup provoked the German attack). Or, for that matter, us (though he got a lot of help from Japan on that one). Churchill's efforts to force the pace of events 45 years ago pass uncriticized because it is generally acknowledged 1) that his regime was superior to Hitler's and 2) that Hitler had unfriendly intentions toward all three countries—indeed, all countries. Don't the same conditions apply today? America's system is preferable to Nicaragua's (read also: Cuba's, and the Soviet Union's); and conflict will surely come to Honduras whether we draw it in or not. The unforgivable sin would be to take sides in the war between pro- and anti-freedom fighters on Honduras's border, and then leave Honduras (and the freedom fighters) in the lurch.

☐ She keeps coming back like a song. Svetlana, Stalin's daughter, apparently wants to return to the West and maybe even to the United States. She defected from the Soviet Union in 1967, while in India; lived and married in the U.S.; and published two books highly critical of the Soviets. In 1984, she returned to the Soviet Union, disowned her books, and denounced America. The Soviets gave her an apartment and a car, but she apparently remains restless and unhappy, and now wants out. The Soviets have indicated embarrassment over her case, and this is one limited area in which we can sympathize with Moscow.

☐ The French press won't let this story die. Just before the March 16 election, U.S. intelligence tracked one of the TWA hijackers to a hotel room in Paris. As *Le Point* tells the story, a Telex went from the White House to the Elysée Palace urging President Mitterrand to detain the terrorist until an international warrant for his arrest could be obtained. But the request came at an awkward moment. It was the eve of the election and Mitterrand hoped to score a pre-election coup for his Socialist troops by negotiating the release of four French hostages held in Lebanon. So let's not make waves. No order went out from the Elysée, the terrorist slipped out of the country, the hostages were not released, and the Socialists lost anyway. Terrorists 1, France 0.

☐ Ferdinand Marcos is offering to return to the Philippines—to restore freedom. "We must war again against the monster who imposes slavery," he says. He is obviously alluding to Corazon Aquino's abolition of both Constitution and National Assembly and her assumption of dictatorial powers. It's only for a year or so, she promises, and she probably means it. Nevertheless, she has seized greater power than Marcos ever had, power that could be converted into an apparatus of totalitarianism—if not by her, then by some of her radical allies. Leninists, as Max Singer reminds us in the *Wall Street Journal*, are skilled at the tactics of forming coalitions and progressively slicing off the most "reactionary" elements, until only one faction is left. She may be remembered as Corazon Kerensky.

Just Too Sensitive

On mornings when the sun shines,
I think of OPEC oil,
Watch interest rates descending
And Dow Jones stocks uncoil.
But when the storm clouds darken
My little patch of blue,
Our whopping trade imbalance
Will send me to the loo.

W. H. VON DREELE

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THE WEEK

☐ *We* don't have any trouble telling the difference between Red-baiting McCarthyite superpatriots and the effete pinko wimplets supporting Danny Ortega and his Commie rats. Now, what's all this fuss about?

☐ NATIONAL REVIEW calls on Lyndon LaRouche to repudiate the regular Democratic Party.

☐ When Mayor Harold Washington said he didn't want Chicago to "become another Philippines," we're not sure whether that meant he is facing an armed insurgency in the City Council or just that he doesn't want a bunch of do-gooders from Washington monitoring the next election.

☐ Congressman Jack Kemp continues to be dogged by the old rumor—painstakingly checked out, and found to be baseless, by Martin Tolchin of the *New York Times*—that he was once involved in a homosexual orgy. The humiliating question was put to him once again on the *Today* show, and once again he denied it categorically. But as long as the rumor is treated as an open question, even though there is not a single witness to substantiate it, it is bound to damage him—a fact acknowledged by the left-wing columnist Richard Cohen, who terms the whole issue "sexual McCarthyism." Come to think of it, Joe McCarthy was once a victim of sexual McCarthyism, but let's not get into that.

☐ With quaint humor, *The Nation* chose a National Guard armory on Park Avenue to hold its 120th anniversary party. The highlight of the program, after all, was an appearance by Nora Astorga, Sandinista envoy to the United Nations, who made her name by arranging the ambush, mutilation, and killing of a general in the Nicaraguan National Guard. Miss Astorga was gushily introduced by actress Susan Sarandon. Equally fulsome was the introduction of the Reverend Jesse Jackson by Rabbi Balfour Brickner, who specializes in assuring the world that the Sandinistas are not really anti-Semitic, and who here performed the same service for Reverend Jackson, with equal futility. Other jarring notes came from a wall display of great names from *The Nation*'s past, mostly turncoat leftists or always-were conservatives—e.g., T. S. Eliot, John Dos Passos, Willa Cather. How many new defectors will there be to haunt the 150th? Alger Hiss?

☐ This just in: Per-capita taxes at least doubled in 45 states and the District of Columbia in the decade 1974–1984, according to the Tax Foundation. Nothing new there, but it would be nice to know the five that had only a 99 per cent tax increase.

☐ With oil prices dropping like college students from balconies during spring break, you'd think this would be the perfect time to repeal all those sumptuary laws forbidding us to buy cars bigger than a self-respecting toaster oven, to drive them fast enough to cross Nevada in seven hours, and generally to have any sort of fun behind the wheel. In fact, some open-minded scholars at the Brookings Institution have come out with a new study that calls for ending auto fuel-economy regulations once and for all. If the Feds keep on forcing us to obey these silly rules long after any arguable need has passed, it can only be because they like keeping us in obedience training.

☐ More hot air from the Windy City: Joining the ranks of such metropolises as Jersey City, N.J., and Gay Head, Mass., Chicago has declared itself a "nuclear-weapon-free zone." Is Mayor Washington going to allow the U.S. to keep its bases there?

☐ APOCALYPSE MAYBE NOT TOMORROW, BUT SOON—Fearless Forecasts from Nuclear Noodleheads: Dr. Helen Caldicott: "If Ronald Reagan is re-elected, accidental nuclear war becomes a mathematical certainty." Representative James Weaver (D., Ore.): "Deep in my heart, I see the impending devastation of this world. . . . At any time, Armageddon could occur, and there will be no life after that." Representative Barbara Mikulski (D., Md.): "I do not want anybody in this country or on this planet to die, and that is the direction we are heading in."

☐ The "I Like Mike" brigade has turned its attention to Danny-Boy Ortega. The Sandinista dictator is "shy, soft-spoken, retiring . . . 'a simple man who doesn't like pretension,' " gushes a recent *Time* profile. You see, Dan isn't your run-of-the-mill Soviet stooge, he's "a family man, happy at home," and, of course, a

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Medical Research–building a healthier future

If you've ever been treated for high blood pressure... heart disease...diabetes...or almost any health problem, medical progress based on research has already touched your life.

Because of medical research, polio no longer strikes in epidemic proportions every summer. Today about three-quarters of patients diagnosed as having Hodgkin's disease will survive five years or longer—as opposed to less than half twenty years ago. Current treatment options for people with heart disease and high blood pressure include medication that helps the body's natural regulators to control blood pressure and volume, enabling the heart to function with less strain.

Scientists are now working on new ways of treating such devastating afflictions as heart disease, cancer and Alzheimer's disease. They are testing new enzyme inhibitors that may control or reverse the late complications of diabetes. Forthcoming breakthroughs in understanding biological processes and treating disease may change the quality and perhaps the length of your life.

Medical research leading to such results takes years of patient, often frustrating experimentation by many different teams throughout the public and private sectors of our scientific community. The tasks involved are not simple.

Advances in research stem from a partnership that includes federal agencies such as the National Institutes of Health (NIH), universities and teaching hospitals across America, and private industry laboratories. Each partner often works independently to acquire knowledge and test new concepts. They must build on the knowledge developed in all laboratories, and they often coordinate efforts in their search for answers.

Whether an idea originates in a university laboratory or starts with basic product research carried on in the private sector, important findings percolate through the entire scientific community, where each new finding serves as a building block to establish a deeper understanding of what we are and how we function.

Medical research is an expensive process. It needs steady funding for equipment and personnel—even when progress is slow. Government and industry often work with university-based scientists and the medical profession not only in the acquisition of new knowledge and the development of new treatments, but also in funding these advances.

Now more than ever, we all must do our part to help keep the flow of discoveries active and ongoing. If funding for medical research is reduced, major advances in knowledge about some of the most dreaded diseases facing us today could be delayed for years to come.

What can you do?

- *Speak up*. Let your legislators know that you want funding of biomedical research by NIH and other government agencies to be kept at the highest possible levels.
- *Contribute* to voluntary health organizations supporting disease research.

Research-based pharmaceutical companies such as Pfizer are also increasing their financial investment in research. For instance, in 1984 alone, pharmaceutical companies in the United States spent over 4 *billion* dollars on research and product development.

At the same time, we at Pfizer realize the importance of committing more than money to research. As a partner in healthcare, we are continually working to discover new ideas, test new concepts, and turn new understanding to practical and beneficial uses. Now we are working harder than ever to make sure that this nation's medical research effort receives the attention—and funding—it deserves.

For more information on the future of medical research in America, write to Health Research U.S.A., P.O. Box 3852 FR, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163.

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girls with the tacit collusion of a circle of kids who never squealed on him.

On a hot summer day when Connie's exasperated mother slaps her, the girl refuses to accompany her family on a barbecue with relatives, preferring to laze about in and outside the house. Out of nowhere, up drives Arnold in his weirdly bedizened, gold-painted convertible, accompanied by an even weirder, silent pal. Introducing himself as "Arnold Friend—A. Friend," he jumps out of the car and, with his reflecting sunglasses and James Dean manner, proceeds to hypnotize and smooth-talk Connie into going on a ride with him, declaring himself to be her lover. Vaguely fascinated as well as scared and repelled, the girl retreats into the house, whose screen door she latches. Arnold remarks that he could easily tear through the door, but won't; it behooves Connie to come out to him. He cajoles, bullies, soothes, and veiledly threatens, and seems to know preternaturally much about Connie and her folks.

Here the hitherto mediocre film goes to pieces entirely. Clearly, the insidious power of the story lies in Arnold's not entering the house. Cinematically, though, it would have required genius to shoot the scene from both sides of a screen door. Yet Connie cannot unlatch it without falling out of character and killing the suspense. So, from one shot to the next, the door becomes unlatched (by itself, presumably), and Arnold enters the house to lean against the nearest inside wall. This sabotages the symbolism of the Maiden seeking out Death and his chariot—the original title of the story was "Death and the Maiden," and it ended with Connie getting into the car beside Arnold and driving off into a land wider and vaster than she had ever noticed before.

Not so the film. While Arnold's loathsome friend brutally riffles through Connie's records, we see, through cross-cutting, the car parked in a field; the camera pans to tall grass where something, anything may be happening. Presently, Arnold is driving Connie home. She gets out of the car in front of her house and, with a new-found authority, tells Arnold never to show his face again. The family has just arrived, too. How come they don't see Connie getting out of a strange car? How does Arnold's pal dodge them and get back in with Arnold? Why isn't the disorder he left noticed? Why is Connie, who went off barefoot, wearing running shoes now? But she's even more different on top: Graciously accepting her mother's apology, she responds with easy affection to all. The film ends with the sisters dancing to a record that Connie finds less absorbing now.

This, I'm afraid, cannot be explained away, as Miss Oates has tried to do, as the difference between the mid-Sixties, when the story was written, and the mid-Eighties, when the film was made: "a girl's coming of age that involves the succumbing to, but then rejecting, the 'trashy dreams' of her pop-teen culture." True, there is a chasm of time and sensibility between Oates '66 and Chopra-Cole '85. Today Connie may well have had casual sex with the boys from the mall, and Miss Chopra, feminist that she doubtless is, would perceive her film as a 15-year-old *woman's* coming of age and self-assertion. But does her ending make sense? Is a tumble in the hay (or grass) with a cunning, ominous man twice her age and possibly a murderer the right rite of passage for a naïve young girl? Is that the way for her to gain the upper hand, a new self-assurance, and charity toward her kinfolk —not to mention the ability to outgrow a favorite rock record? And what about all the other garish rock songs on the soundtrack, the combined work

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☐ Danish	☐ Indonesian	☐ Russian
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of James Taylor and four other musicians—has she outgrown them as well? With feminists like Joyce Chopra, who needs male supremacists?

A LESS OBVIOUS, but no less deleterious, misadaptation is the film Ismail Merchant (producer), James Ivory (director), and Ruth Prawer Jhabvala (writer) made from E. M. Forster's *A Room with a View*. This team that, through a number of adaptations and original screenplays, has clung to a militant amateurishness that makes the crassest professionalism look good by comparison, is supposed to have scored a breakthrough here. In fact, the trio are back to their old tricks: disjointed scenes that do not flow into one another, a gently stinging irony in the narration sacrificed for sledgehammer effects, performances either un- or misguided by the director to the point where mostly competent or better actors overact brazenly, omission of most of the artistic and literary references in which the book abounds so as to make things easier for *hoi polloi* (who probably won't come anyway), cinematography by Tony Pierce-Roberts that makes not only Florence but everything else as well look like hand-tinted postcards, and, as a final insult, a score by Richard Robbins that leans on irrelevant and inappropriately lush Puccini arias, despite the fact that Forster approvingly quoted Beachcomber's epigram "Wagner was the Puccini of music."

So inept is the Merchant-Ivory-Jhabvala team that a refinedly lovely, fancily dressed and coifed blonde will be cast as a Florentine cabbie's girlfriend, or that the chance meeting between Cecil and the Emersons at the National Gallery, described in the book by Cecil as "They were admiring Luca Signorelli—of course, quite stupidly," will be shot smack in front of Uccello's *Battle of San Romano* panel. Neither the actors nor the camera moves in this static and stifling shot, which reveals nothing about the characters (as Cecil's remark in the novel does about all three of them), but exemplifies the filmmakers' catchpenny aestheticizing.

The ironic tone of the novel—"Of course [Santa Croce] contained frescoes by Giotto, in the presence of whose tactile values she was capable of feeling what was proper. But who was to tell her which they were?"—is replaced by blunt sarcasm. Even so important a theme as Forster's "feeling against religion . . . naïve and direct" (Lionel Trilling) is cravenly neutralized. Casting the cute but inexpressive Helena Bonham Carter as Lucy finishes off this jejune film. In a 1908 letter, Forster wrote about his forthcoming third novel: "[It] will probably gratify the home circle, but not those whose opinion I value most." The movie forfeits the home circle's approval in a vain attempt to garner the kudos of those whom Forster valued least. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Conversations with Isaac Bashevis Singer, by Isaac Bashevis Singer and Richard Burgin (Doubleday, 178 pp., $19.95)

THERE IS no writer who by his mere existence more thoroughly exposes the emptiness of our contemporary literary culture than Isaac Bashevis Singer. Although Singer is an ardent Zionist and an author who has written in Yiddish almost exclusively, there is no one writing today—or, for that matter, in the last half-century—who has appealed so universally to the humanistic art of good story-telling. He is a true internationalist and a true humanist, as is luminously evident in this book of conversations between Singer and the literary journalist Richard Burgin. Singer's observations and his expansive sense of humor are welcome antidotes to the puling self-centeredness of so many of our contemporaries. He sees the need for a great American humorist, but the emergence of one seems unlikely because the critics, who are also the liberals, "would never allow anyone to make fun of a liberal." He hastens to add, however, that "extreme conservatism can also be ridiculous." This is characteristic of Singer's impartiality when it comes to observing the foibles of fools. Conducted over a period of eight years, the conversations have the slight drawback of being sometimes repetitive—that is, when Burgin fails to recall that he has asked a question before, and Singer answers yet again with patience and even further elucidation. If you have not read Isaac Bashevis Singer, *Conversations* is sure to send you scurrying for everything he has allowed to be translated from the Yiddish originals.

THOMAS P. MCDONNELL

Arthur Sullivan: A Victorian Musician, by Arthur Jacobs (Oxford, 470 pp., $29.95)

IN CASE you were wondering, nothing is sacred: Sir Arthur Sullivan, composer of "The Lost Chord" and "Onward, Christian Soldiers," is now revealed in Arthur Jacobs's excellent new biography to have been a lecherous Victorian bachelor who gambled compulsively, kept a mistress for decades, and recorded the details of his miscellaneous sexual conquests (and subsequent trips to the abortionist) in a coded diary. Perhaps it was out of sheer frustration; Sullivan, whom everybody expected to become the first great English composer since Handel and Purcell, never wrote a single first-rate piece of "serious" music. Instead, he did something arguably better: He discovered W. S. Gilbert, started composing operettas in order to underwrite his champagne tastes, and turned him-

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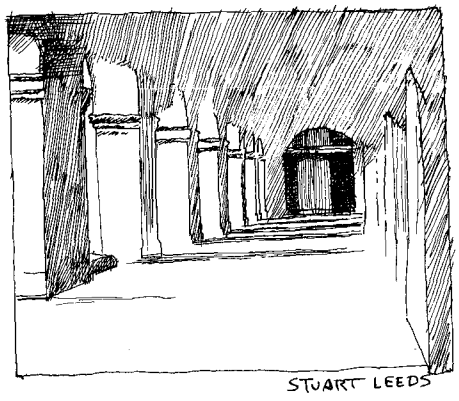
self into one of the supremely great masters of light music. There are worse fates. Mr. Jacobs, a British musicologist, has done a flawless job of research in putting together *Arthur Sullivan: A Victorian Musician*; his prose may not be particularly lively, but it is consistently readable, and everything anyone could possibly want to know about the man who wrote *The Mikado* and *H.M.S. Pinafore* is now available between the covers of a single volume.

TERRY TEACHOUT

A Chesterton Anthology, selected by P. J. Kavanagh (Ignatius Press, 515 pp., $16.95)

ONE OF Chesterton's many admirers is Jorge Luis Borges, who thinks him a prophet and has written: "Beneath his jokes was a profound erudition." The great French philosopher Etienne Gilson called GKC "one of the deepest thinkers who ever existed" and read his little book on St. Thomas "with despair" that this "amateur" had captured so much more of the saint than the professional scholars had. And in one of the wisest and most esteemed books of modern psychology, *The Denial of Death*, Ernest Becker presents Chesterton as a monumental hero of sanity in an anxious and often openly psychotic age. It is precisely this sanity, joined to an unwearying wit and inimitable aphoristic eloquence, that commends Chesterton most in this age of specialist nonsense, ideology, jargon, faddish fecklessness, and aesthetic nihilism. In "Obstinate Orthodoxy," Chesterton wrote that "the truth is that the modern world has had a mental breakdown," much more, even, "than a moral breakdown." No one has ever, in a few simple words, described the genealogy of our modern subjectivism and relativism, their roots in "ontological insecurity" and the attenuation of sane tradition, better than Chesterton: "No standard being sufficiently secure for the self to be molded to suit it, all standards may be molded to suit the self." Thus, fifty years after his death, yet another Chesterton anthology, following closely on the heels of Robert Knille's fine *Chesterton Reader* (reviewed in *NR*, September 6, 1985), is both welcome and encouraging, especially as it is even better than Knille's—better because longer (515 pages to 314 pages) and because it therefore contains longer and more



complete (and often different) selections, as well as a finely appreciative introduction by the English novelist and poet P. J. Kavanagh. "It is surprising," Malcolm Muggeridge has written, that even though Chesterton has been so often "proved right in his judgments, he should still be less seriously regarded than contemporaries like Wells and the Webbs, who were almost invariably wrong." Although experience does often seem to "beat in vain on the breast of the congenital progressive," and modern culture continues to distract us from distraction by distraction, if there is any antidote it can be found in this fine anthology, brim-full of Chesterton's mighty wit and sparkling with his piety, sanity, and "grave levity." M. D. AESCHLIMAN

The Penguin Book of Contemporary American Essays, edited by Maureen Howard (Viking Penguin, 285 pp., $19.95)

MAUREEN HOWARD's odd editorial triumph is to have made the nonfiction biblioscape of the postwar United States seem a flat place, calm, comfortably traversable. What one might foresee as a bumpy ride with plenty of amusement-park jolts turns out instead to be a quiet excursion. Miss Howard manages, remarkably, to keep the jazzy or sublime sights of Tom Wolfe, Gore Vidal, Truman Capote, and Mary McCarthy away from the rider's eye; there's not a single drugged Gonzo along the trail. The publisher's blurb touts this as a volume of "the best American essays" of our time, but the truth is that they're neither the best nor particularly representative. There's nothing wrong with Michael J. Arlen, Russell Baker, William Gass, and Edward Hoagland, but there is something very wrong with an anthology of modern American essays that treats the New Journalism as something that never happened, and spends its enthusiasm on some Talk-of-the-Town journey-work by Lillian Ross. Several choices in this volume may delight by their excellence or unexpectedness: Elizabeth Hardwick's evisceration of "Boston: The Lost Ideal"; Howard Moss's snapshots of Jean Stafford; A. J. Liebling's Perelmanesque account of the 1955 fight between Rocky Marciano and Archie Moore; Leslie Fiedler's desentimentalizing of the Rosenbergs ("their relationship to everything, including themselves, was false"). But there are simply too many near duds. Miss Howard attempts in her introduction to rescue the essay from the "Dark Ages of the American schoolroom," but she is as blandly appreciative as most high-school teachers ("Mailer is still flowering—a hardy perennial"). She declares, probably justly, that this is "a time of too much recorded incidence," but there's no trace of gluttony in what she's decided to put on the table. As for her speculation that these essays may collectively reveal that "we have finally lost our American innocence," one can only wince at the phrase—by now more a reflex than a thought. At least the essayists she presents do better than that. THOMAS MALLON

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SORRY, MR. PRESIDENT

NEW YORK, MARCH 24

THE PRESIDENT of the United States gave a compelling speech last Sunday. Moreover, a speech that, in the judgment of this listener, can truly be termed prophetic. By this is meant that the fate of Central America very likely rests on what happens in Nicaragua, or rather to Nicaragua. The fate of Central America almost certainly will determine the fate of Mexico. And the fate of Mexico can affect the United States directly in ways far more serious than any threatened by Kaiser Wilhelm, Adolf Hitler, Kim Il-sung, or Ho Chi Minh, and we went to war against all four.

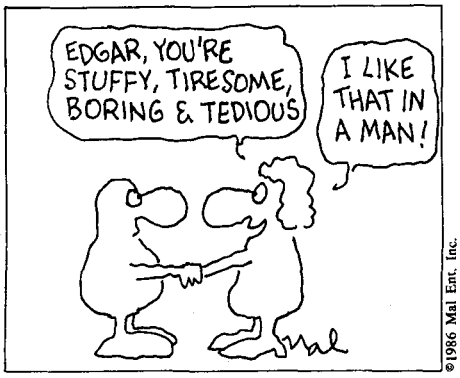
But it's precisely those who get the President's message who are dismayed by what he proceeds to ask for. With reluctance one turns to quote from one of his professional critics, but Haynes Johnson of the *Washington Post*, after a few paragraphs of anti-Reagan pushups, said it in language for which Mr. Reagan's friends have no answer, facile or strained. He said:

"Assume, for the sake of argument, that Reagan's analysis about the supposed grave threat from Central America is correct. If so, his proposed remedies, expressed passionately in numerous speeches throughout the five years of his Presidency, have been a dismal failure. The threat, at least as he describes it, has grown ever more dangerous. By Reagan's terms, members of Congress should not be debating whether to make a most minor switch of funds in the Defense Department's account books. They should be voting on whether to blockade Nicaragua, interdict its sea and air lanes, and prepare for introduction of U.S. military force to safeguard American citizens and the hemisphere. They ought to be asked to send in the Marines."

Begin with the last point. Mr. Reagan has no appetite for using the Marines in Nicaragua, and neither do the American people. But we are entitled to ask this question, namely, is the use of the Marines justifiable other than to defend United States territory? We did send them to Lebanon not long ago, and the casualty list was a great shock: one kamikaze terrorist, 241 U.S. servicemen dead. The United States, post Vietnam, is a very different country from the United States that thrilled to the thought of sending Marines to the shores of Tripoli. But of course it is at this point that the President, and the entire country, need to give thought to the role of the military. That role is to prevent the need for fighting in one's own country. It is for that reason that we fought in odd places like Pantelleria, before graduating to Italy, and then to Normandy, Paris, and, finally, Berlin.

Now, Mr. Reagan's difficulty is that he describes exactly a situation in which the use of American military force is relevant, but draws back dogmatically from the use of American force. Note, dogmatically: which is different from the arguments on which he publicly relies. These are the arguments that the *Contras* can do it by themselves. But if we have learned anything from the experience of the past few years it is that the *Contras* can most emphatically not do it on their own. What they can manage on their own is the kind of desultory terror for which Americans have very little appetite. The *Contras* plus one hundred million American dollars can hardly be expected to countervail the hundreds of millions of dollars and the advanced weaponry with which the Soviet Union, via Cuba, is nourishing a dictatorship grown every day in sophistication. Expecting the *Contras* to depose Ortega in Nicaragua is on the order of appropriating a hundred million dollars for Omega 7 and dispatching it to displace Fidel Castro.

I hate to say it, but if I were a congressman I would write a letter to President Reagan and I'd say: "Sorry. Extremely sorry, precisely because I think your analysis of the threat posed is exactly correct. But one Band-Aid isn't going to stop that bloody gusher. You come to Congress, Mr. President, and announce that you are ending all diplomatic relations with Nicaragua, and that the evidence is before you to support a request for a declaration of war. That declaration of war doesn't mean we have to send nuclear weapons to Managua, but it does put it out in the open: The United States, as guarantor against foreign aggression in this hemisphere, isn't going to permit in Nicaragua what we permitted in Cuba. Then let the debate rage. You give us your evidence, and let the people who want to tolerate Ortega, as they wanted to tolerate Ho Chi Minh nine thousand miles away, present their evidence. That is the time for a decision that accommodates your apocalyptic rhetoric. I should say, your properly apocalyptic rhetoric." □



LOOKING OUT FOR NUMBER TWO

NEW YORK, MARCH 21

"IT'S CHANGED." The doc was talking while cleaning the needle with the cortisone for my ailing coccyx. "It isn't the way it used to be, and that's good, really." He spoke of a bachelor MD friend, a swinger, and now, when he's got the lady into his apartment at night, or himself into hers, the conversation goes something like this: "Ah, I had a test just week before last—regular physical, you know—and I thought you'd want to know that I don't have VD, I don't have AIDS, I don't have herpes!" I suppose he goes on to say he has lots of testosterone, but he has set himself up, my doc says, so that he can go on to say, "Ah, do you, ho ho ho, have any problems I ought to know about?" And, it is reported, such exchanges are done quite candidly, and in a spirit of reciprocal interests served: She doesn't want to be contaminated, and neither does he, and they size up each other's disposition to honesty and candor some time before they end up in the bedroom. "May be bad for spontaneous romance," said the doc, sliding the needle into my nether region, "but it's a lot better for hygiene."

And, what do you know, the very next day the *New York Times* reports that the city's AIDS-watchers say the disease is leveling off. By this is meant that it is not progressing geometrically. The spokesman

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for the doctors' group put it this way: that whereas the number of AIDS patients in New York City had been doubling every 12 months, now it is doubling every twenty months, which is certainly an improvement. What it suggests is that the kind of conversations discussed by my friendly doctor are also being had between homosexuals, and presumably between drug addicts who share needles. And this is also good news, but we are left without a public policy for handling the difficult people, and these are defined, simply, as those who have AIDS but who nevertheless continue to contaminate others—either by failing to take proper precautions, or by failing to disclose that they are carriers; or both. What is to be done about them? And what percentage of the contaminated population are we talking about? One hears the figure one-third. One-third are prepared recklessly to continue a way of life notwithstanding that they are death-carriers and guilty of aggression.

The morning's news also advises us that a woman is suing her ex-husband on the grounds that she can now prove he knew he had herpes, which condition he did not disclose to her, so she wants something on the order of a million dollars, and the judge says it's an okay litigation, i.e., the law recognizes that silence under the circumstances was a tort for which a jury can permit recovery. But dead people can't recover damages, and anyone who contracts the killer strain of AIDS dies, usually within two years.

What about requiring anyone who has AIDS to be tattooed, discreetly, to protect against nonchalant spreading of the disease? I ventilated that thought recently and have got angry denunciations from the people one would least expect, namely gays (they so identified themselves, in most cases, over the phone). But they would be the principal beneficiaries of such a social contrivance, even as pedestrians are the principal beneficiaries of reins on drunk drivers. One or two callers were so thoughtless as to compare the tattooing of AIDS carriers to the tattooing practiced by Hitler, the obvious distinction being that Hitler was advancing the cause of genocide, whereas the other proposal seeks to advance the longevity of uninfected gays.

Free societies reserve contingent powers to protect themselves, an extension of the principle of quarantine. Thus they conscript generations of 18-year-olds, when the nation is threatened. The projection published by *The Economist* of London is that at the current rate, 250,000 Americans will die of AIDS in the next eight years. That is five times the casualty rate of eight years of the Vietnam War, which rate stirred the furious protests of the public.

Such protests are not unhealthy. It is perhaps tempting for Mr. or Mrs. Jones to say: The hell with it, if an uninfected gay wants to do that kind of thing with another gay and gets infected for his pains, that's his worry. But it isn't, really: Laws governing public health reflect our concern for the public in general, even the public that behaves recklessly. And we are all made aware of the utterly innocent victim: the child born with AIDS because, back there, someone did something not knowing that he/she was trafficking with a carrier of that awful disease, against which we must mobilize. □

DEAR BOB, YOU SHOULD STAND ALONE

NEW YORK, MARCH 26

POLITICS DEALS in hyperbole, but it is one thing to expect hyperbole, another to become so cynical about its exercise as to decline even to notice it, which brings us to Senator Bob Packwood, Republican from Oregon.

I have here a "Dear Friend" money-raising letter from the senator, the first half of which is devoted to denouncing a kook anti-Semitic outfit called Aryan Nations, which apparently threatened to kill Senator Packwood in retaliation for his support of Israel. If Aryan Nations is going to kill every legislator who supports Israel, we're going to have the greatest massacre in the history of legislatures. And if Aryan Nations goes on to kill every American who supports Israel, why that will reduce the population of the United States about as a first strike by the Soviet Union would reduce it. So Senator Packwood wants to publicize threats against him by mad dogs, okay.

But before you know it, the senator commits a little elision. All of a sudden he is talking about anti-abortion groups, some of whom have rated him as a principal target in the forthcoming elections. Here is the connective tissue between the Jew-haters and the anti-abortion folks, as executed by Senator Bob, whose letter goes out under the banner, "Dear Bob, You Do Not Stand Alone."

". . . somewhere, some kid who has never known a Jew [where are such kids kept? In the Smithsonian?], and doesn't understand the Holocaust, sits in the dark of the night and listens to this filth. And to that kid, their message may make sense. Kids like that don't get messages just from the Aryan Nations or other radical groups. They also hear from those who use these groups' tactics . . . For example, because I support the right of a woman to make a choice about whether or not she wants to have an abortion, some extreme right-wing groups have labeled me 'Senator Death' and targeted me for political destruction . . . In their literature they describe me—and all pro-choice people—as having 'the blood of millions of innocent human lives on your hands.' And it troubles me that the same kid who listens to the message of the Aryan Nations will listen to this message as well."

". . . they all show a totalitarian inability to hear both sides of an issue." They are "intolerant" and "intolerable."

Now Senator Packwood is here saying that it is intolerable talk, not to be distinguished from that of genocide-for-Jews talk, to say that abortion results in the death of innocent people.

Talk about moral deafness—which the senator is ostensibly deploring. If one believes that a fetus is entitled to the protection of the law, which position was the near-unanimous position of the state legislatures up until 1973, how else does one reason than that abortion results in the death of innocents? Senator Packwood, like so many others who favor the right to abortion, is himself flagrantly guilty of what he charges the opposition with: failing to understand the other side's arguments. If one holds that an unborn child has rights apart from those of the child's mother, then there is no possible conclusion other than that the abortion of that child is a bloody violation of human rights.

Highly civilized people believe that the mother ought to have that right. But the opposing position has got to adopt the syllogistic imperative: You can't oppose abortion without concluding what the anti-abortion people conclude. Just as you cannot believe in human rights without concluding that anyone who believes in, or countenances, the slaughter of Jews is, to put it gently, an inconsistent believer in human rights. Senator Packwood is engaged in the disreputable exercise of polemical sleight of hand—by suggesting that the kind of people who oppose abortion are the same kind of people who believe in genocide. It would seem to me that whether abortion is right or wrong, those who oppose it on the grounds that a biological entity minus one day old is too nearly like an entity plus one day old, are much more likely to respect the universal right to life of all people than those who believe infanticide is a term only applicable to those who extinguish one-day-old life, before which, anything the mother wishes is A-OK.

The abortion issue to one side, what hurts is the brute mauling of the civility of democratic discourse. Oppose abortion and single out—the democratic way—those who disagree as political enemies. That is okay to do if you disagree with your senator on economic policies, right to work, aid to the *Contras*, whatever; but if it's abortion, you are the kind of guy who listens curiously, patiently, ardently, to aberrant Jew-killers. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

THOMAS SOWELL:

Bigotry

The wilderness recreation lobby is called many things, but the best name I have heard for them is "the green bigots." Bigots think that their way is the only way, and that other people don't count.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Sudanese capital — 7 46 109 24 130 73 174 85

B. A glovemaker should never be caught this way (hyph.) — 126 63 34 135 169 12 53 82 120 149 / 94

C. French novelist (1802-1885) (full name) — 150 48 70 3 100 114 179 163 192 30

D. Impending danger — 25 101 52 5 156 113 93 129 81

E. Dreamy musical piece — 188 193 83 45 10 66 182 77

F. Sword's fate — 124 38 144 22 134 58 161 108 75

G. Used clothing—or what the pillow maker said to his assistant! (hyph.) — 39 2 119 173 91 26 189 72 141 106

H. Guilelessness — 89 103 172 37 65 21 155 116 51

I. The bare facts (slang) — 41 84 165 99 132 17 27

J. General Westmoreland, once — 153 35 107 184 178 137 19 57

K. Seaport on east coast of England — 139 1 90 79 115 158 47

L. Outlawed detergent ingredient — 147 121 18 56 175 136 67 78 191

M. Approaching a boil — 29 190 112 86 80 4 157 54 183

N. Construct — 23 59 76 125 44 104 13 180 142

O. Excessive dependence — 117 28 50 154 6 138 102 64 88

P. Popular (and legal) morning drug — 11 111 95 140 166 131 31 62

Q. One kind of Wall Street information — 122 14 49 181 143 97

R. Nada — 133 177 42

S. *Denied* — 162 168 128 16 74 187 152 61

T. Sunday-paper staple — 20 87 145 185 40 98 69

U. Subsequently — 92 176 36 105 160 170 118 148 55

V. Animal #1 + animal #2 = animal that attacks animal #1 — 32 164 60 9 171 96 127

W. Shah Jahan legacy (2 words) — 68 159 8 167 151 71 33 110

X. The Babe's strokes — 186 43 15 146 123

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 K	2 G	3 C	4 M	5 D	6 O	7 A		8 W		9 V	10 E	11 P	12 B	13 N	14 Q	15 X
16 S		17 I	18 L	19 J		20 T	21 H	22 F		23 N	24 A	25 D	26 G	27 I	28 O	29 M
	30 C	31 P		32 V	33 W	34 B	35 J	36 U	37 H	38 F		39 G	40 T	41 I	42 R	
43 X	44 N	45 E	46 A		47 K	48 C	49 Q		50 O	51 H	52 D	53 B	54 M	55 U	56 L	
57 J	58 F	59 N	60 V		61 S	62 P	63 B	64 O	65 H	66 E	67 L	68 W	69 T		70 C	71 W
72 G	73 A	74 S	75 F		76 N	77 E	78 L	79 K	80 M	81 D	82 B		83 E	84 I	85 A	86 M
87 T	88 O	89 H	90 K	91 G		92 U	93 D	94 B		95 P	96 V	97 Q	98 T	99 I	100C	101D
	102O	103H		104N	105U	106G	107J	108F	109A	110W		111P	112M	113D	114C	115E
116H	117O		118U	119G	120B		121L	122Q	123X		124F	125N	126B	127V	128S	129D
130A	131P	132I	133R	134F		135B	136L	137J	138O		139K	140P		141G	142N	
143Q	144F	145T	146X		147L	148U	149B	150C	151W	152S	153J		154O	155H		156D
157M	158K	159W	160U	161F	162S	163C	164V		165I	166P		167W	168S	169B		170U
171V	172H	173G		174A	175L		176U	177R	178J	179C	180N	181Q	182E	183M		184J
185T		186X	187S	188E		189G	190M	191L	192C	193E						

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Your jeweler is the expert where diamonds are concerned. His knowledge can help make the acquisition of a quality diamond of a carat or more the beautiful, rewarding experience it should be.

A diamond is forever.

The ring shown features a quality diamond of 2.03 carats.

A QUALITY DIAMOND OF A CARAT OR MORE.
A FIRE RARELY SEEN.

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Jackie West (white coat), Industrial Safety Engineer, and other Sun employees who are volunteer firefighters in Marcus Hook, Pa.

SUN, SAFETY AND THE VOLUNTEERS. At a moment's notice, Jackie West is ready to trade his Sun safety helmet for that of a fire captain. He's just one of the Sun people from our Marcus Hook, Pennsylvania, refinery who serve their local communities as volunteer firefighters.

As Jackie can tell you, the safety training they get while producing millions of gallons of Sunoco gasoline each day makes them experts at fire prevention.

"At the refinery, one of our most important jobs is safety. We train and drill regularly. In fact, Sun sends some of us to special firefighting schools.

"It's only natural that we use this experience to serve our families, friends and neighbors."

At Sun, we think putting our energy back into the community is just as important as getting it out.

WHERE THERE'S SUN THERE'S ENERGY.

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